MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

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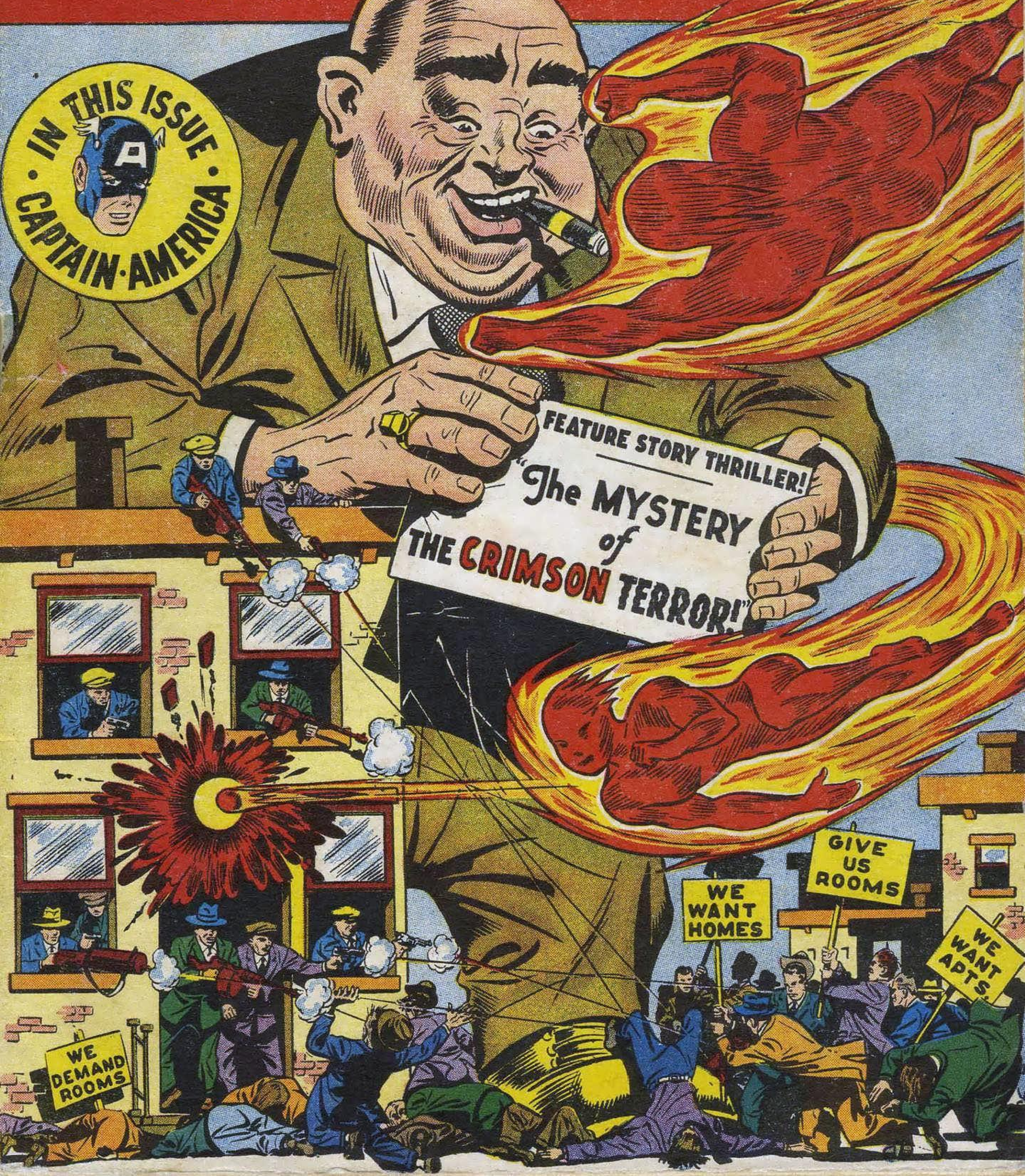
IN THIS ISSUE · CAPTAIN · AMERICA
FEATURE STORY THRILLER!
"The MYSTERY of THE CRIMSON TERROR!"
GIVE US ROOMS
WE WANT HOMES
WE WANT APTS.
WE DEMAND ROOMS

THE HUMAN TORCH
NO PLACE TO LIVE! IS THE WEARY CRY OF RETURNING VETERANS! HERE'S THE CHALLENGING STORY OF SOME G.I.'S WHO BAND TOGETHER TO MEET THIS SHORTAGE! BUT THESE HEROES ENCOUNTER A VICIOUS BLACK MARKET WHOSE DEADLY SEEDS WERE PLANTED IN WARTIME BY GRASPING PROFITEERS! BUT THE G.I.'S MEET FRIENDS-- THAT TORRID TEAM OF GRIME-CRUSHERS-- TORCH AND TORO-- WHO SET OUT TO CRUSH THE SINISTER SCHEMERS OF...
"THE CRIMSON TERROR!"
THE ILLUSION
BLUE PRINTS
CONTRACTS
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IN TORCH AND TORO'S METROPOLIS APARTMENT.
...AND, TORCH, CAN YOU AND TORO BE AT OUR VETERANS' HOUSING SHORTAGE RALLY TONIGHT AT TOWN HALL? I'D LIKE YOU TO HEAR OUR PLAN.
REMEMBER CHARLEY JONES? HE LIVED ACROSS THE WAY BEFORE HE JOINED THE ARMY IN '41. HE'S BEEN BACK 6 MONTHS NOW AND HASN'T FOUND A HOME.
LET'S GO TO THE MEETING.
COMICS
THAT NIGHT, ON THE WAY TO TOWN HALL.
THE BLACK MARKET IN HOUSING MATERIALS IS THE REAL BUG-A-BOO, LAD. IT'S CREATED A SHORTAGE OF FAIR-PRICED MATERIALS. MR. AVERAGE MAN, WHO'D LIKE TO BUILD HIS OWN HOME, CAN'T AFFORD TO! SO DEMANDS FOR HOUSING FAR EXCEED THE SUPPLY! I HOPE CHARLEY AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE AN ANSWER!
TOWN HALL
GOSH, YES! THE VETS FOUGHT TO PRESERVE OUR COUNTRY...THEY SURE ARE ENTITLED TO LIVE IN IT!
SOON INSIDE THE HALL---
I'VE GOT A GIRL. I WANT TO GET MARRIED. A LOT OF YOU FELLOWS HAVE FAMILIES. WE WANT HOMES! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO ALL PITCH IN AND OWN A COOPERATIVE APARTMENT BUILDING? WE'LL BUY A LOT AND BUILD!
SWELL, CHARLEY... BUT WHERE'LL WE GET THE BUILDING MATERIAL?
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WE DON'T WANT TO BUY MATERIALS ON THE BLACK MARKET! BESIDES WE'D BE CHEATED!
WAIT, FELLOWS...I DIDN'T SAY BLACK MARKET!
ONE PERSON COULDN'T GET TO FIRST BASE, BUT IN UNITY THERE'S STRENGTH! WITH **ALL** OF US BACKING THIS PROJECT, WE'RE BOUND TO GET MATERIALS AT A FAIR PRICE SOMEWHERE...I'VE AN UNCLE-- GEORGE TOLMAR, IN THE CONSTRUCTION BUSINESS...
WE CAN TACKLE HIM FIRST! ARE YOU VETS WILLING TO GO AHEAD WITH THE WHOLE PLAN? LET'S HAVE A VOTE!
AYE
GOOD! AND NOW I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE OUR GUESTS, TORCH AND TORO!
...A FINE PLAN, CHARLEY! BEST OF LUCK! IF TORO AND I CAN HELP IN ANY WAY...
YOU **CAN**, AS HONORARY CHAIRMEN OF OUR PROJECT... YOUR NAMES WILL ADD STRENGTH. WHAT ABOUT IT, VETS?
AGAIN THE VAST ROOM ROCKS WITH ROARING AYES! AND SO, THE NEXT DAY...
WHILE OUR SITE-FINDING COMMITTEE IS NEGOTIATING FOR A LOT, WE'LL SEE ABOUT MATERIALS!
THAT'S THE IMPORTANT THING!

I CAN'T SELL YOU MATERIALS. I HAVE NONE, BECAUSE I REFUSE TO PAY BLACK MARKET PRICES.
THAT'S RIGHT, UNCLE GEORGE, AND WE WANT THE BEST GRADE STUFF!
...IN ANOTHER ROOM.
SORRY, I WISH I COULD HELP...
THE FOOL! I'LL BUZZ HIM ON THE INTER-PHONE.
A MOMENT LATER, TOLMAR ANSWERS A SPECIAL INTER-PHONE.
GOOD NEWS! MY ASSISTANT CALLED IN THAT SHIPMENTS OF MATERIALS ARE EXPECTED IN A WEEK. LONG STANDING ORDERS WERE GIVEN PRIORITY. EXCUSE ME WHILE I GET DETAILS...
AS TOLMAR JOINS HIS AIDE...
I TURNED OFF THE LISTENING SET-UP SO WE CAN TALK, TOLMAR. YES, WE HAVE **PLENTY** OF STUFF!
ALL BLACK MARKET! THOSE VETS WON'T PAY THOSE HIGH PRICES! WITH TORCH AND TORO AROUND, IT'S RISKY!
LISTEN, WE'LL SELL AT FAIR PRICES. NO BLACK MARKET. ONLY WE'LL SELL 'EM JUNK!
BUT WE'LL MAKE 'EM **THINK** THEY'RE GETTING THE BEST GRADE! WE CAN FIX THAT BY SELLING 'EM 3RD RATE STUFF. WE'LL MAKE A PROFIT JUST THE SAME!

WE CAN SELL THE HI-GRADE STUFF FOR BIG DOUGH. GET IT? A TWO-WAY PROFIT!
NO! CHARLEY'S MY NEPHEW. I CAN'T CHEAT HIM.
DON'T BE A SENTIMENTAL FOOL. THINK OF THE CASH. THAT'S WHAT REALLY COUNTS!
MONK, WE'LL DO IT!
AS THE PROJECT BEGINS, A VETS' ENGINEER MAKES A TEST.
THE BEST GRADE. I CHECKED EVERYTHING
MY UNCLE SAID HE'D LOOK OUT FOR US!
YOUR IDEAS ARE GREAT!
MORE DAYS PASS AND AS TORCH AND TORO PURSUE A CERTAIN MISSION~~~
THERE'S THE VETS' PROJECT, GOING UP STRAIGHT AND STRONG!
AND WE'RE OFF TO THE HIDEOUT OF THE LORIO SWINDLE GANG!
BUT AS THE FLAMING BOYS REACH THEIR DESTINATION, THUGS PILE INTO A CAR!
THEY'RE TRYING TO GET AWAY! AFTER THEM!

AS THE COUPÉ CAREENS AROUND A CORNER, THE GUNMAN DRIVER LOSES CONTROL!
UNDER CONSTRUCTION
CRASH!
SOON THE DARING DUO RESCUES ITS VICTIMS...
YOU'RE TOUGH BABIES. NO SCRATCHES ON YOU!
THE TORCH!
THE BUILDING'S NOT SO TOUGH! LOOK AT THE DAMAGE THAT SMALL CAR MADE!
VERY TRUE, TORO! AS SOON AS I CALL THE POLICE TO PICK UP THESE THUGS, I'LL CALL THE ENGINEER!
LATER...
THIS ISN'T THE SAME GRADE I TESTED! IT'S POOR STUFF... HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?
WE'LL FIND OUT!
SOON, IN TOLMAR'S OFFICE...
TOLMAR'S NOT HERE, BUT THE LIGHTS ARE ON. LET'S LOOK AROUND. MMM.. WHAT'S THAT LEVER?
TORCH SWITCHES ON THE SPECIAL INTER-COM SYSTEM!
ALL OUR HI-GRADE STUFF IS SOLD, MONK, AT BLACK-MARKET PRICES--
NEARLY A HALF-MILLION PROFIT INCLUDING WHAT WE MADE ON THE VETS BY SWITCHING TO JUNK AFTER ONE GOOD LOAD!

ALL THE DOUGH IN THE VAULT DOWNSTAIRS, TOLMAR?
YES, WE'RE SET AND SAFE! I'M SURE WE WON'T HAVE TO TRAVEL SUDDENLY. LET'S CLOSE UP FOR THE NIGHT... TURN THE LIGHTS OUT, MONK.
WHEN A CRAFTY HAND MOVES TO A LIGHT SWITCH, A FIST SLASHES!
SMACK
LIGHTS OUT!
FLAME-RING HIM, LAD! I'M GOING AFTER TOLMAR!
MONK, ARE YOU THERE?
THE NEXT INSTANT!
YOUR CHUM'S DETAINED! I'VE THE LOWDOWN ON YOU AND YOUR LOW-GRADE GAME!
BUT YOU **WON'T** BE STOPPING US! LUCKY THE 3RD PART OF OUR TEAM WAS AROUND, TOO!

AS TORO GOES IN SEARCH OF TORCH...
TORCH, WHERE ARE YOU?
THEN!
HURRY, BARNEY! WHERE'S TOLMAR?
GETTING THE DOUGH AND ALL OUR PAPERS! WE'VE GOT TO BEAT IT BEFORE THE FIRE BIRDS COME TO!
IN A SECRET UNDERGROUND GARAGE, THE TRIO MAKES GOOD ITS ESCAPE.
I DON'T LIKE THIS... FLIGHT LIKE A COMMON CRIMINAL!
SKIP IT! THE COPS WILL BE BREATHING DOWN OUR NECKS!
YEAH, AND WE'VE A SWELL HIDE-OUT!
SOON THE CRIME-BUSTING TEAM REVIVES, AND...
ALL RIGHT, LAD? THEY GOT AWAY...
TOLMAR!
TOLMAR!
I'M OKAY!
ABOVE, ANGRY VETS STORM TOLMAR'S OFFICE...
WHERE'S THAT CROOK TOLMAR? THE ENGINEER CALLED AND TOLD US ABOUT THE GYP!
CHARLEY WAS AT HIS GIRL FRIEND'S HOUSE BUT THEY'LL BE HERE!
SHORTLY!
WHERE'S MY UNCLE? HE'LL TELL YOU THIS SWINDLE STORY'S ALL A LIE!
SORRY, CHARLEY... IT'S TRUE!

YOU STARTED THE PROJECT, CHARLEY! YOU STEERED US TO YOUR UNCLE!
SURE, YOU MUST BE IN ON THE SET-UP!
NO, IT'S NOT TRUE!
AS ANGRY EX-GI'S PUSH CHARLEY OUT WITH THEM...
YOU'RE COMING WITH US! WE'RE GOING TO SWEAR OUT A WARRANT AGAINST YOU!
TORCH, HELP!
CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE IS AGAINST HIM. THE BEST BET IS TO FIND TOLMAR AND HIS MEN...IF CHARLEY'S INNOCENT, THEY CAN CLEAR HIM OF COMPLICITY. YOU GO HOME, KITTY. TORO AND I WILL GET TO WORK.
THE DUO MAKES A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE OFFICE...
NO RECORDS OR INFORMATION. THE VAULT'S CLEANED OUT!
YES, THEY'VE GOTTEN AWAY FOR GOOD! WITH HALF A MILLION!
IF WE HAD SOME IDEA... MMM..MONK WAS SO PALE. LOOKED LIKE A PRISON PALLOR. TORO, LET'S CONSULT POLICE FILES. IF HE HAS A RECORD, IT MIGHT FURNISH INFORMATION!
LATER, SCOURING THE ROGUES' GALLERY AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS --
HE WAS A BOOTLEGGER IN JERSEY DURING PROHIBITION AND DURING THE WAR.. LAD, I'VE A HUNCH!

INTO THE NIGHT, TWO FIERY FIGURES STREAK TOWARD NEW JERSEY OVER LONELY COUNTRYSIDE..
GOSH, TORCH! THIS STILL OF MONK'S WOULD MAKE A GOOD HIDE-OUT!
AND HERE ARE FRESH FOOTPRINTS LEADING TO IT! **THIS IS IT!**
INSIDE...
WE'LL HIDE OUT 'TIL THE HEAT'S OFF, THEN SKIP OUT O'THE COUNTRY TO... **HUH?**
THE HEAT'S ON!
GOT TO STOP THEM...
A SECOND LATER...
HA! HA! HA! IN MY BOOTLEG DAYS, THAT SHOWER TOOK THE STARCH OUT OF A LOT OF WISE GUYS!
SWISH
THIS STOPS YOU FROM GETTING UP!

THROBBING MOMENTS LATER, AS THE CRIME-BUSTERS REVIVE...
OOHHH... CAN'T FLAME!
WHILE YOU WERE K.O.'ED, I SPRAYED YOU WITH THE NON-FLAME CHEMICAL MIXTURE--SODIUM DTO. I FIRST GOT INTERESTED IN CHEMISTRY WHEN I STARTED MY BOOTLEGGING!
YOU NEEDED CHEMISTRY FOR YOUR WOOD ALCOHOL!
HA HA. I'M GLAD YOU'VE A SENSE OF HUMOR, TORCH, THIS TIME, 'CAUSE I'M BUMPING YOU AND THE KID OFF!
GET IT OVER!
SEE, TOLMAR, HOW IT GOES? FROM BLACK MARKET TO MURDER--AND CHARLEY WILL TAKE THE RAP!
CHARLEY? HE KNEW NOTHING OF THIS!
TRY TO CONVINCE THE OTHERS! THEY'VE SWORN OUT A WARRANT TO INDICT HIM!
NO, I CAN'T LET HIM--I'LL GIVE MYSELF UP! I'M GOING!
DESPERATELY CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN, TOLMAR BOLTS FOR THE DOOR!
COME BACK, YOU CHUMP!
OWW
BANG
BANG
MONK HAS HIT HIS HUMAN TARGET
BUT ONE BULLET GOES ASTRAY!
THAT SLUG HIT A CAN OF TURPENTINE!

AS THE TURPENTINE DRIPS DOWN...
THEY'RE BUSY LOOKING AT TOLMAR...QUICK! ROLL AROUND A BIT TO SPREAD THIS STUFF ON. ITS REACTION TO SODIUM DTO WILL CAUSE A FLAME COMBUSTION...
AND WHEN MONK AND BARNEY AGAIN FOCUS ATTENTION ON THEIR CAPTIVES!
THEY'RE FREE!
BUT YOU WON'T BE!
A ROUNDUP OF CYCLONIC SPEED!
TOLMAR'S DEAD-BUT WE'VE TWO RACKETEERS TO TURN OVER TO THE POLICE!
LATER CHARLEY IS EXONERATED.
SORRY WE LOST OUR HEADS BLAMING YOU...
IT LOOKED BAD, BUT WE'VE GOT TO HAVE OUR HOMES!
YOU WILL...WE UNCOVERED BLACK-MARKET RECORDS OF GRADE A MATERIALS THAT YOU BOYS PAID FOR.
MONTHS LATER
AT LAST WE'VE A HOME!
AND THERE SHOULD BE HOMES FOR EVERYONE. LET'S HAVE A BIGGER AND BETTER HOUSING PLAN!
THE END!

SUB-MARINER
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LURING, JEERING LAUGHTER COMBINES WITH GRUESOME MURDER IN A THRILL-PACKED ADVENTURE OF WEIRD MYSTERY! IT'S A HIGHLY HAZARDOUS CASE FOR THE DARING **SUB-MARINER**, BEGINNING ON A JUNGLE-LIKE ISLAND AND ENDING IN A SMASHING SURPRISE! FOLLOW THE FLASHING FISTICUFFS AND BRILLIANT BRAINWORK OF THE CRIME-CRUSHER, AS HE PURSUES...

"The LAUGHING KILLER!"

ONE DAY AS SUB-MARINER SWIMS ALONG FLORIDA SHORES...
SUB-MARINER! THIS IS A BREAK! I MUST TALK WITH YOU!
WELL! MY OLD FRIEND, JIM CARTEN! I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!
I NEED YOUR HELP, SUB-MARINER, TO KEEP ME FROM KILLING ARNOLD LOGUE!
WHAT? WHO'S HE?
EIGHT YEARS AGO LOGUE RUTHLESSLY CONNIVED TO RUIN MY FATHER'S BUSINESS! BROKE, DAD COMMITTED SUICIDE! LOGUE, A RICH MAN, MOVED TO AUSTRALIA! THAT WAS THE LAST I HEARD OF HIM UNTIL TODAY WHEN THIS WIRE CAME!
JUST ARRIVED IN U.S. STOPPING AT MY BROTHER GEORGE'S ESTATE, FERMONT ISLAND... MUST SEE YOU AT 5 P.M. TODAY, ARNOLD LOGUE!
I'M ON MY WAY THERE NOW TO FIND OUT WHAT HE WANTS. BUT I'M AFRAID OF KILLING HIM, ESPECIALLY IF HE LAUGHS HIS WEIRD INHUMAN WAY. WILL YOU COME ALONG, SUB-MARINER, AND MAYBE PREVENT ME FROM COMMITTING A MURDER?
ALL RIGHT!
SOON...
THE ESTATE IS UP AHEAD! IT'S THE ONLY ONE ON THE ISLAND... HEY, WHAT'S THAT?
STAY AWAY!

WHO ARE YOU?
THE GARDENER! STAY AWAY FROM ARNOLD LOGUE! THINGS WERE GOOD BEFORE HE CAME. YESTERDAY HE GAVE ME FORTY LASHES!
BUT THE DUO GOES ON. THEN...
ARNOLD LOGUE OUGHT TO BE HORSE-WHIPPED! I COULD MURDER HIM!
EASY, JIM! PERISH THE THOUGHT! WE'RE GOING IN SO COLLECT YOURSELF!
MR. LOGUE IS UPSTAIRS IN HIS ROOM, SIR. HE'S NOT FEELING WELL AND HAS LEFT ORDERS NOT TO BE DISTURBED!
BUT HE ASKED ME HERE! WHAT IS THIS ANYWAY?
HA HA! HO HO!
AS NAMOR IS ABOUT TO GRAB THE AROUSED MAN, A MARBLE CORNICE DISLODGES!
SUDDENLY!
THAT AWFUL LAUGH! I'D KNOW IT ANYWHERE! IT'S ARNOLD LOGUE! HE'S OUT THERE!
HA HA HA! HO HO HA!

AS SUB-MARINER RECOVERS...
STOP THAT LAUGHING, ARNOLD, OR I-I'LL...
WHY SHOULD I, JIM CARTEN? HA HA HA!
GOT TO STOP JIM BEFORE HE DOES SOMETHING RASH!
BUT THE NEXT MOMENT...
SMACK!
AND AS THEY REACH THE BOTTOM OF THE CLIFF...
DEAD, ISN'T HE?
PLENTY DEAD FROM THAT ROCK YOU HURLED!
I DIDN'T HURL THE ROCK! IT CAME FROM NEAR ME, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHO THREW IT! BELIEVE ME!
I'D LIKE TO, BUT...
EVEN IF I DID, JIM, WOULD THE POLICE? THEY'LL HAVE TO BE NOTIFIED!
I'VE ALREADY CALLED THEM, SIR! I SAW THE MURDER THROUGH THE WINDOW!
SO, YOU WERE AT THE WINDOW! MAYBE YOU DISLODGED THE CORNICE THAT FELL ON ME! STRANGE HOW THE ACCIDENT KEPT ME FROM JOINING JIM!
NO, SIR! I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH ANY DISLODGED CORNICE, SIR!

THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN! WHERE'S GEORGE LOGUE? AND WHY WERE WE TOLD ARNOLD WAS UPSTAIRS?
MR. GEORGE WENT TO THE MAINLAND, AND ARNOLD DID CALL DOWN HE WASN'T TO BE DISTURBED!
POLICE ARE HERE! THEY'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME!
BUT WHEN THE POLICE HEAR THE STORY...
YOU EXPECT ME TO THINK YOU DIDN'T KILL ARNOLD LOGUE! THAT'S A LAUGH!
A LAUGH! I KEEP HEARING HIS LAUGH! HA HA HO!
SUDDENLY...
AFTER HIM, SUB-MARINER!
NO ONE'S GOING TO ARREST ME! HA HA HO!
A MOMENT LATER, A MIGHTY FIGURE FLASHES INTO THE SEA...
MEANWHILE!
JUST AS A SPEED BOAT UNEXPECTEDLY SWERVES INTO HIS PATH...
SMACK
THAT'S A SUPER LITTLE BOAT!
COMET

SECONDS LATER...
WHENEVER I GO CHASING AFTER JIM, SOMETHING HAPPENS! WONDER IF THE POLICE BOAT NABBED HIM?
AS THE POLICE CUTTER HEADS TOWARD THE MAINLAND...
HE GOT AWAY IN A BOAT BEFORE WE DISCOVERED YOU WERE OUT OF THE CHASE! WE'LL PUT A DRAGNET OUT! NO TELLING WHAT HE'LL DO NEXT. THAT CRAZY WAY HE LAUGHED!
THAT WORRIES ME TOO!
SOMEHOW I FEEL GLAD JIM ESCAPED! I'VE A FEELING HE'S INNOCENT, BUT UNLESS I CAN FIND THE KILLER... MMM! FERRY'S COMING BACK WITH NEW PASSENGERS. I'LL SWIM AND SEE WHO'S ABOARD!
WHERE'S JIM? HE SAID HE WAS COMING HERE! AREN'T YOU SUB-MARINER?
YES! JIM JUMPED A MURDER CHARGE! MURDER OF ARNOLD LOGUE! BUT WHO ARE YOU?
PEGGY GRANT, JIM'S FIANCÉE! I WAS WORRIED SO CAME OUT FROM TOWN...
ARNOLD, DEAD? MY POOR BROTHER! HOW DID IT HAPPEN?
SO, YOU'RE GEORGE LOGUE! HOW LONG WERE YOU OFF THE ISLAND TODAY?
SINCE THIS MORNING! I TOOK THE FERRY AT TEN TO THE MAINLAND. MY OWN LAUNCH IS UNDER REPAIR AND I BOARDED THE FERRY TO RETURN JUST TEN MINUTES AGO!

SO, YOU SEE, I'VE AN ALIBI IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE DRIVING AT! THIS IS A TERRIBLE SHOCK! I'M GOING TO THE HOUSE!
LET ME HELP YOU, MISTER GEORGE!
I'LL STAND BY JIM! IF HE MURDERED, HE WAS DRIVEN TO IT!
HE SAYS HE DIDN'T! BETTER GO HOME, PEGGY! THE FERRY HASN'T LEFT YET! IF ANYTHING DEVELOPS I'LL LET YOU KNOW!
LATER A FAMED FIGURE LEAVES THE ISLAND OF DEATH!
I COULDN'T LEARN ANY MORE FROM GEORGE OR THE BUTLER, AND I DIDN'T FIND THAT GARDENER! HIS HATING LOGUE MAKES HIM A SUSPECT. YET I'VE A FEELING THERE'S MORE!
WISH I COULD LOCATE JIM. THERE'S A FEW MORE QUESTIONS I'D LIKE TO ASK. MMM, MAYBE HE MANAGED TO GET SOME WORD TO PEGGY! THINK I'LL SEE HER!
SHORTLY...
I HAVEN'T HAD A WORD FROM HIM! WHERE COULD HE BE?
THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW!
A MOMENT'S SILENCE IS SUDDENLY BROKEN BY...
HA! HA! HO! HA!
OHH! WHAT'S THAT HORRIBLE LAUGH?

HELP!
HA HA HO HA!
IT'S UPSTAIRS!
RACING UP THE STAIRS, SUB-MARINER BURSTS UPON A GRUESOME SIGHT!
ANOTHER MURDER! AND THERE GOES THE KILLER!
HA HO HA!
AS SUB-MARINER DARTS INTO THE NEXT ROOM, THE LIGHTS GO OFF...
HA HO HA!
CAN'T SEE! I'LL FOLLOW THAT LAUGH!
A LITTLE LUNGE, THEN THE HEAVING OF A MIGHTY FIST!
CONNECTED! I'LL HAVE TO OPEN THE DOOR TO GET SOME LIGHT!
PEGGY?
SUB-MARINER! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
A SECOND LATER, PEGGY GETS A MURDEROUS REPLY!
GUN-FIRE!

NAMOR MOVES LIGHTNING FAST!
BANG! BANG! BANG!
DOWN, QUICK!
AS BULLETS CEASE THEIR DEADLY SPEWING...
HE DISTRACTED ME JUST LONG ENOUGH TO GET AWAY! I COULDN'T IDENTIFY HIM EITHER!
THAT AWFUL CRAZY LAUGH!
LAUGH, EH?
WELL! THE CHIEF!
NEIGHBORS REPORTED SHOTS! WE DASHED OVER. SO, THE KILLER LAUGHED CRAZY-LIKE, HUH? JIM CARTEN, ALL RIGHT, LIKE HE DID WHEN HE ESCAPED THE ISLAND!
SHE'S BEEN BLUDGEONED TO DEATH! YOU KNOW HER, MISS GRANT?
IT'S MRS. PHELPS! HER HUSBAND IS AN ACTOR! WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO KILL HER?
NOT ANYONE! JUST JIM CARTEN BECAUSE HE WENT BERSERK! SUB-MARINER, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?
TWO FOOTPRINTS BROUGHT IN ON SOME MUD, AND THEY BRING ME A NEW SLANT! WELL, NOT ENTIRELY NEW!
I HAD TOYED WITH THE IDEA, CHIEF! I'M GOING TO THE PUBLIC LIBRARY! IT'S TEN AFTER EIGHT. BY MIDNIGHT, AT THE LATEST, I'LL HAVE THE KILLER!
A TRIP TO THE LIBRARY? NOW, **YOU'RE** CRAZY!

AN HOUR LATER...
TOOK SOME DIGGING, BUT I FOUND THE INFO I HOPED FOR... NOW, IF THERE ARE SOME FRESH WATER SPRINGS ON THE ISLAND, THE MOONLIGHT AND MY POCKET FLASHLIGHT SHOULD THROW SOME LIGHT ON THE SEARCH!
TENSE SCOUTING THROUGH THE DENSE FOLIAGE; AND...
SO FAR NO SIGN OF... **THE LAUGH!** AT LAST! THAT'S WHAT I WANT!
HA HO HA!
THE ZAZULIA! RARE AUSTRALIAN ANIMAL, AND THIS IS HIS PREFERRED HABITAT, ACCORDING TO THE BOOKS. A CREATURE OF WEIRD LAUGHTER! ZAZIE, YOUR LAUGH WILL SAVE AN INNOCENT MAN!
HA HO HA!
AS NAMOR REACHES FOR THE ZAZULIA...
YOU'VE FOUND OUT TOO MUCH, FISHMAN!
BAM!
HE'LL DIE IN THE PIT! THE ZAZULIA GOES WITH HIM! CAN'T TAKE CHANCES! I'LL COVER THE PIT WITH A HEAVY IRON LID!
SOON NAMOR AWAKENS IN DESPERATE PLIGHT!
ZAZIE, WE'RE ON THE SPOT! AIR DOWN HERE CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER. I HAVEN'T THE STRENGTH TO BREAK MY CHAINS OR THE PIT COVER! OH, OH, I HEAR SOMETHING!
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THE SOUND OF WATER GURGLING! THE SPRING'S RIGHT NEXT TO US! IF I CAN BREAK THROUGH THIS DIRT WALL, IT'LL BE OUR BREAK, ZAZIE!
A LEAP AND STEELSTRONG SHOULDERS JUT INTO EARTH!
IT'S GIVING!
SMACKO!
AHH! SMASHING OUT OF HERE IS A SNAP, NOW!
MOMENTS LATER...
WHY ARE YOU POLICE HERE?
I'M CURIOUS! SUB-MARINER SAID HE'D GIVE US THE KILLER! A HARBOR PATROL SAW HIM SWIMMING THIS WAY!
MAYBE THIS GARDENER WE FOUND IS IN ON IT! WISH HE'D HURRY!
THEN!
HA HO HA!
WHAT'S THIS? THAT LAUGH!
MEET ZAZIE! ARNOLD'S PET! ZAZIE WAS LAUGHING WHEN THE MAN SUPPOSED TO BE ARNOLD PLUNGED FROM THE CLIFF!
SUPPOSED TO BE ARNOLD?
YES! THE MURDERED MAN WAS REALLY THE ACTOR, PHELPS, HUSBAND OF THE WOMAN LATER MURDERED TO KEEP HER FROM TALKING! PHELPS HAD BEEN HIRED TO IMPERSONATE ARNOLD, WHO WAS ALREADY DEAD! YOU SEE...

...I FOUND ARNOLD'S CORPSE BURIED UNDER SOME FOLIAGE, DEAD AT LEAST TWELVE HOURS! **GEORGE KILLED HIM,** THEN FRAMED JIM INTO COMING OUT HERE, SET THE ZAZULIA ON THE CLIFF TO LURE JIM!
YOU CAN'T PROVE A THING!
AND I'VE AN ALIBI!
I CAN SMASH THAT ALIBI EASILY! WHAT'S MORE I HAVE YOUR MOTIVE! I'VE CHECKED WITH YOUR LAWYERS AND ARNOLD'S! YOU LOST MOST OF YOUR MONEY, BUT INHERITED ARNOLD'S FORTUNE!
HEARING THIS THE EMBATTLED GEORGE TURNS TAIL...
YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME!
AFTER HIM! HE'S A PLENTY FAST SWIMMER! WHY'D YOU WAIT?
TO WATCH HIM BREAK HIS ALIBI!
THE ATOMIC-FAST NAMOR OVERTAKES THE MURDERER!
WELL, WE GOT HIS CONFESSION! HE HAD PHELPS **THINK** THE IMPERSONATION WAS A **GAG**! TOO BAD! BUT HOW DID HE SMASH HIS ALIBI?
BY PROVING HIS SWIMMING PROWESS! HE SWAM FROM THE MAINLAND TO COMMIT MURDER, AND SWAM BACK IN TIME TO BOARD THE FERRY!
NEXT DAY...
JIM! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN HIDING?
IN THE CELLAR OF PEG'S HOUSE! I CAME UPSTAIRS THIS MORNING READY TO GIVE UP WHEN I HEARD THE GOOD NEWS!
WE OWE THAT TO **YOU,** SUB-MARINER!
THE END!

Miss AMERICA

IN

THE PASSWORD IS "MURDER"!

THE STORY THUS FAR...

WHILE **MISS AMERICA** WAS LEFT IN A BURNING SHACK, THE RUTHLESS ADVENTURER, VELASQUESA, SET OUT AFTER REX, THE NAZI AGENT IN POSSESSION OF A MICROFILM FORMULA FOR A WEAPON DEADLIER THAN THE ATOM BOMB, ALSO COVETED BY VELASQUESA! BUT THE DARING **MISS AMERICA** HAVING ESCAPED THE FLAMING TRAP BEGINS A PLAN OF ACTION IN AN ATTEMPT TO LOCATE VELASQUESA, HER ONE LINK TO REX!

- CHAPTER VI -

MICROFILM
MRS. ILES
MADELEINE JOYCE
MR. ILES
LISE
MRS. VARNHAM ALIAS RUTGERS
REX
CARR
R-#22

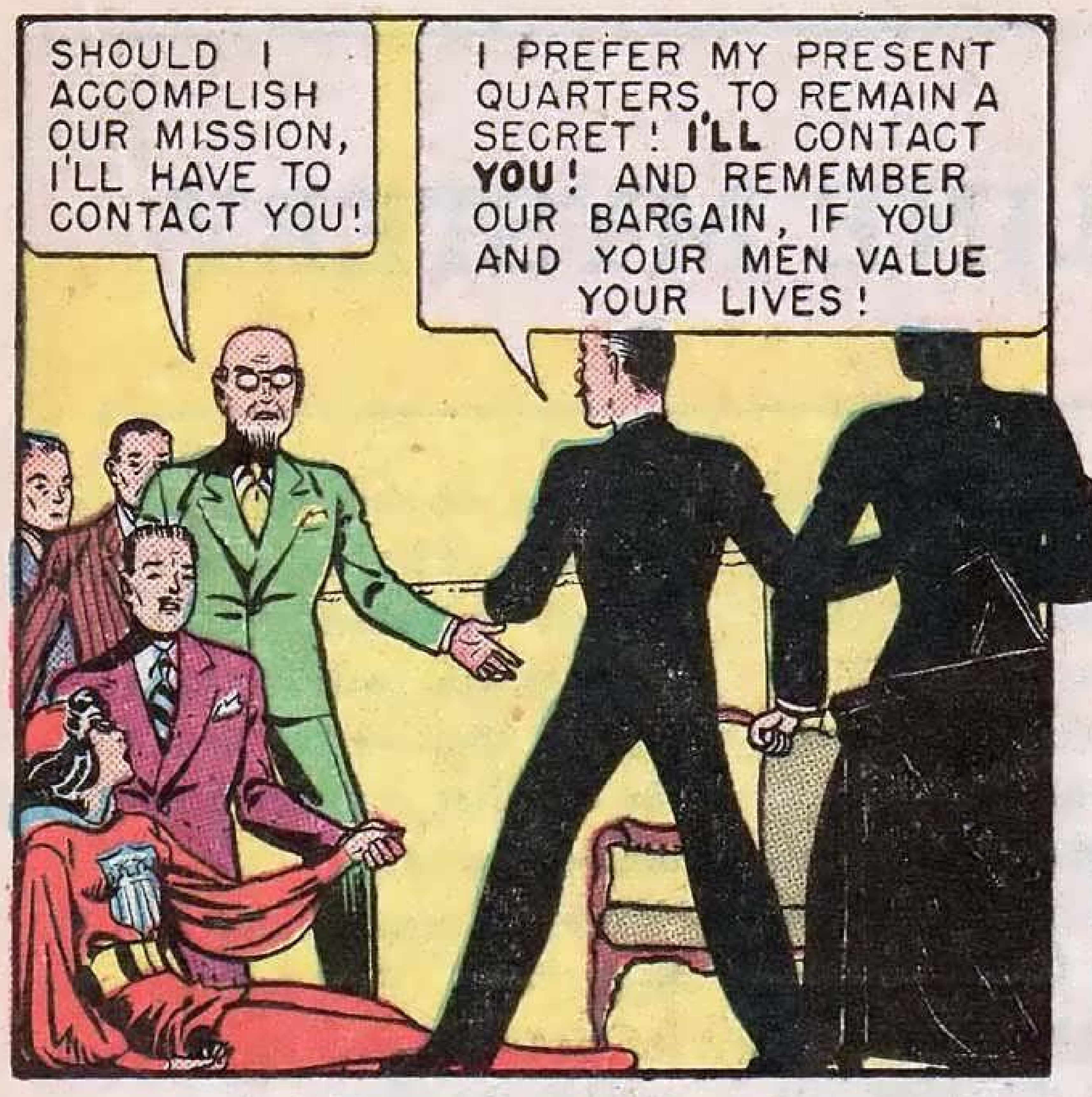
MISS AMERICA STARTS HER SEARCH...
IT'S DAWN AND THE SHOPS ARE OPENING. I'LL START HERE. IF ONLY I CAN FIND THE PLACE VELASQUESA ORDERED THE CASES OF AGUAMARA FROM!
WINE SHOP
AGUAMARA? I'VE NOT HAD IT IN STOCK FOR TWO YEARS! BUT I HAVE SOME MADEIRA, --EXQUISITE! SAMPLE A BIT WITHOUT CHARGE!
NO THANK YOU!
MALAGA
AFTER MANY FUTILE CALLS...
SI, SI! I SELL AGUAMARA, BUT SELDOM MORE THAN A BOTTLE OR TWO AT A TIME! BUT MY COUSIN HAS A CUSTOMER WHO BUYS CASES FULL!
HE HAS? WHERE'S YOUR COUSIN'S SHOP?
AT LAST! THE LONG SOUGHT ADDRESS!
I DELIVER THE AGUAMARA TO 302 SAN DONO ROAD. TWO MEN ALWAYS PAY ME. THEIR NAMES I DO NOT KNOW, BUT THEY LOOK LIKE NORTH AMERICANS!
MUCHAS GRACIAS, SENOR!
VELASQUESA'S MEN! AND I HAVE A PAYMENT FOR THEM!
AND AS MISS AMERICA SPEEDS ON HER PERILOUS QUEST---
BAH! I'VE WORKED ALL NIGHT TO DEVELOP THIS MICROFILM! NONE OF THE PROCESSES TOOK! NOW IF THIS H3 DOESN'T...
HERR REX! SOMETHING COMES ON THE FILM NOW!
DISAPPOINTMENT!!!
WHAT! IT SAYS: "TO WHOEVER STEALS THIS:- THE SUN RAY CONDENSER HAS ALREADY BEEN SOLD TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER--A WARNING--- FORGET IT!"

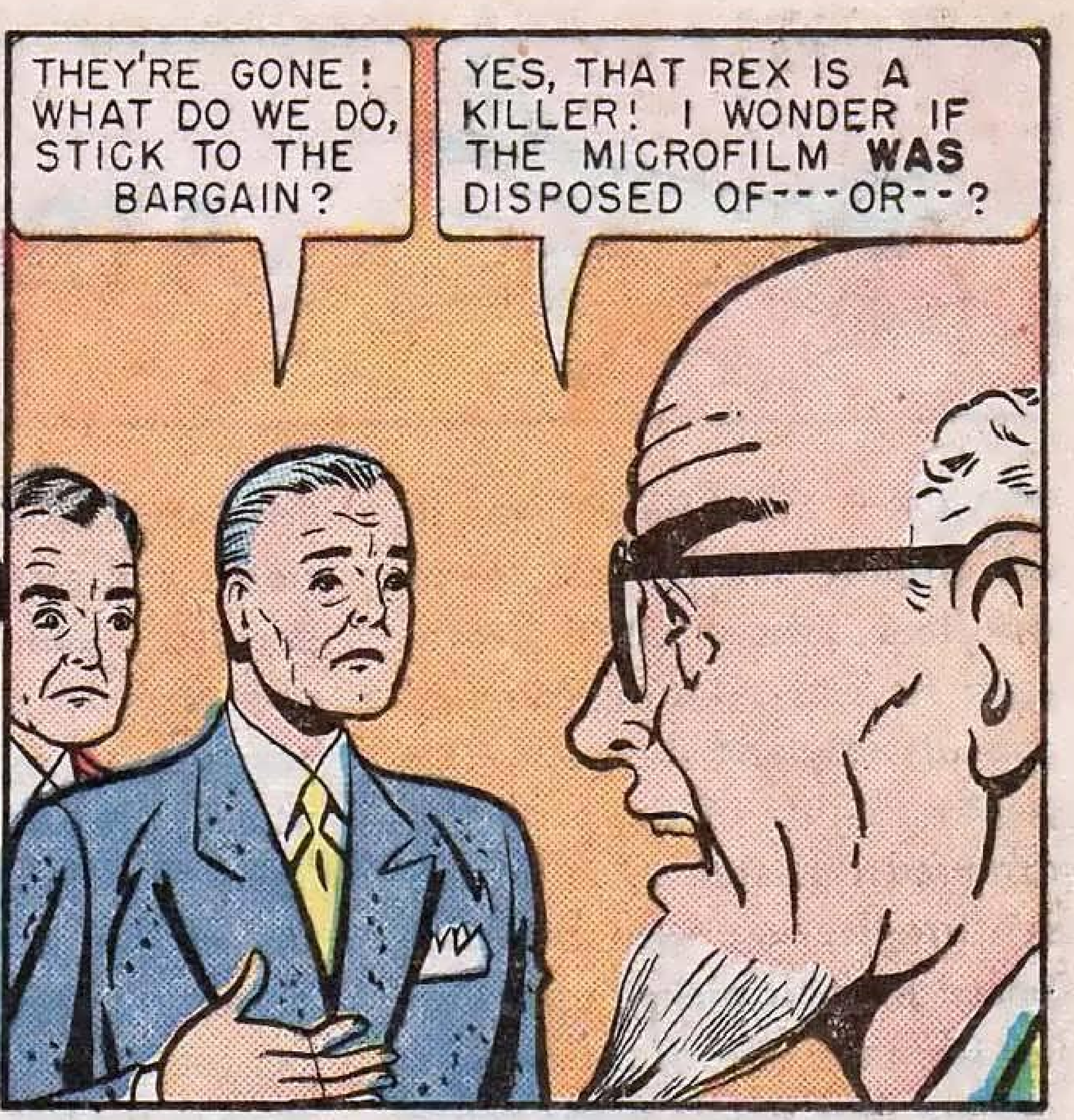
SO! THIS MICROFILM'S A FAKE! ELISE'S DOINGS! THAT LITTLE CHEAT TRUMPED UP THIS MESSAGE! TRYING TO RESIST GIVING UP THIS FILM WAS HER WAY OF PLAYING INNOCENT!
RIP
CRACK
RIP
BUT WE TOOK THIS FAKE MICROFILM FROM MISS AMERICA, HERR REX!
THAT'S SO, CAIRO! SO THE CLEVER MISS AMERICA WAS ALSO TRICKED BY THAT VIXEN ELISE! SHE TOOK THE FILM FROM ELISE THINKING IT THE REAL THING! BUT WE'LL GET THE FORMULA -- AND SOON! NEVER FEAR!
I'VE A GOOD HUNCH WITH WHOM ELISE DEALT! WE CAN'T FAIL THIS TIME! WITH A WEAPON THAT CAN THOROUGHLY DESTROY THE DEMOCRACIES, THE MIGHTIEST WEAPON OF ALL IN OUR POSSESSION - HA! BY HEAVENS, WE MUST GET THAT MICROFILM!
MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY ---
HERE'S NUMBER 302, VELASQUESA'S VILLA. I'M COUNTING ON GETTING TO REX THROUGH HIM! OF COURSE, VELASQUESA MAY ALREADY HAVE PAID HIS VISIT -- MAY EVEN HAVE SNATCHED THE FILM!
... THAT'S WHAT I MUST FIND OUT! NO NEED TO BE POLITE AND KNOCK ON DOORS!
NOW WHAT? WE CAN'T FIND -- LOOK!
MISS AMERICA! STILL ALIVE!

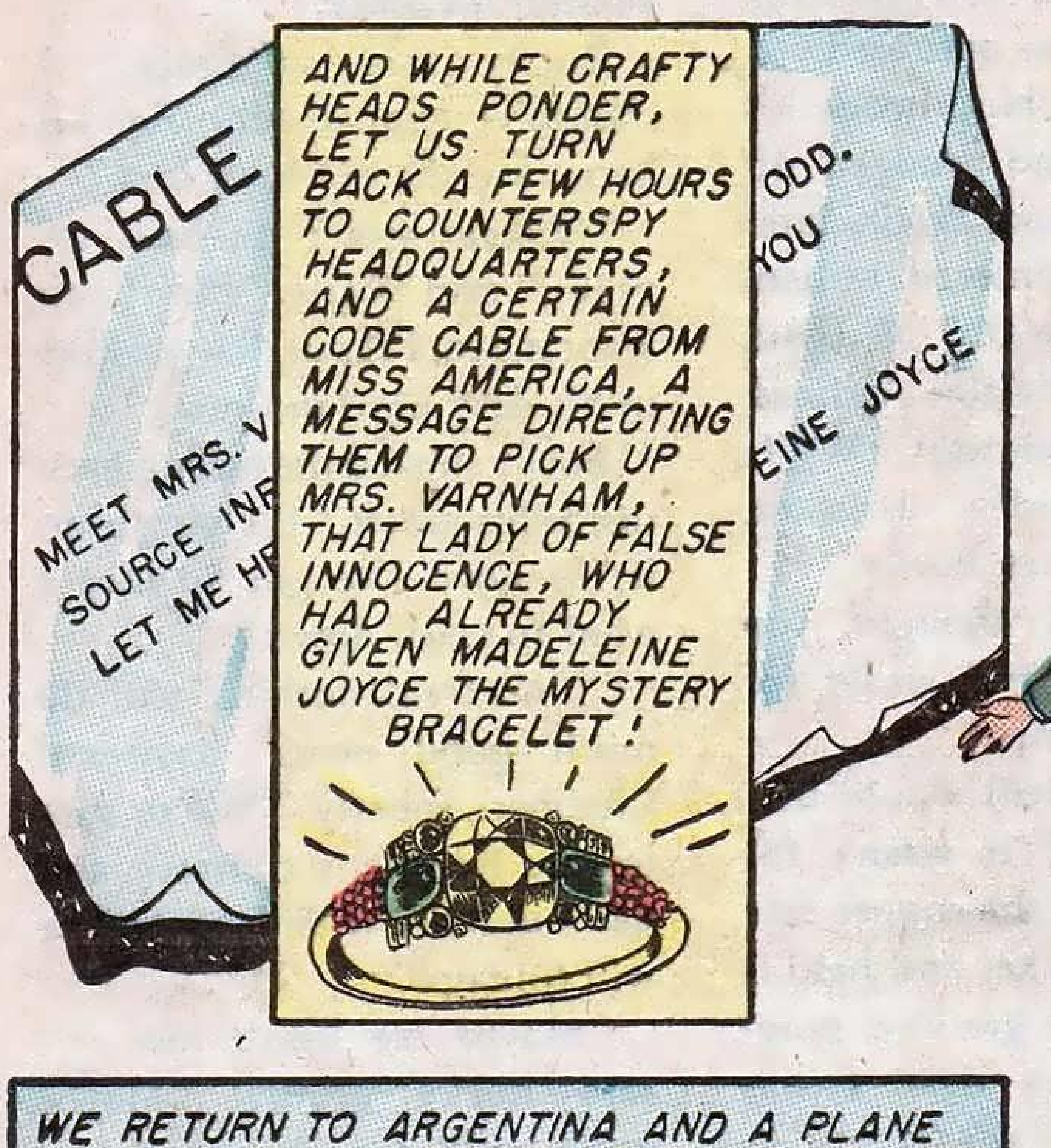
...AND RARING TO GO, LIKE THIS!
WHO'S IN THERE?
I'LL--OHHH!
THIS TIME, VELASQUESA, THE PARTY'S ALL MINE!
I'LL TIE THEM UP WITH THE WINDOW CORDS!
SWIFTLY, MISS AMERICA TIES HER ENEMIES!
TALK, YOU THREE, OR I'LL GIVE YOU MORE OF THE OLD 1-2-3! WHERE IS REX? WHERE CAN I FIND HIM?
WE DON'T KNOW!
AND DON'T CARE!
YOU DON'T CARE THAT HE HAS THE MICROFILM? HA! THAT'S FUNNY! NOW I WANT THE TRUTH! OUT WITH IT! OR DO I WORK YOU OVER AGAIN?
NO, NO! NO MORE OF YOUR FISTS! WE'LL TELL YOU THE TRUTH!
WE LOOKED FOR REX! HIS HEADQUARTERS WERE ON THE WATERFRONT, THE LAST WE KNEW! BUT WE FOUND THE PLACE DESERTED, THE ROOMS DUSTY! REX AND HIS MEN MUST HAVE LEFT THERE SOME TIME AGO!
SO YOU SEE, WE REACHED A BLIND ALLEY! AND THAT IS THE TRUTH!
PERHAPS! IN ANY EVENT, I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES!
I WOULDN'T DO THAT, MISS AMERICA!

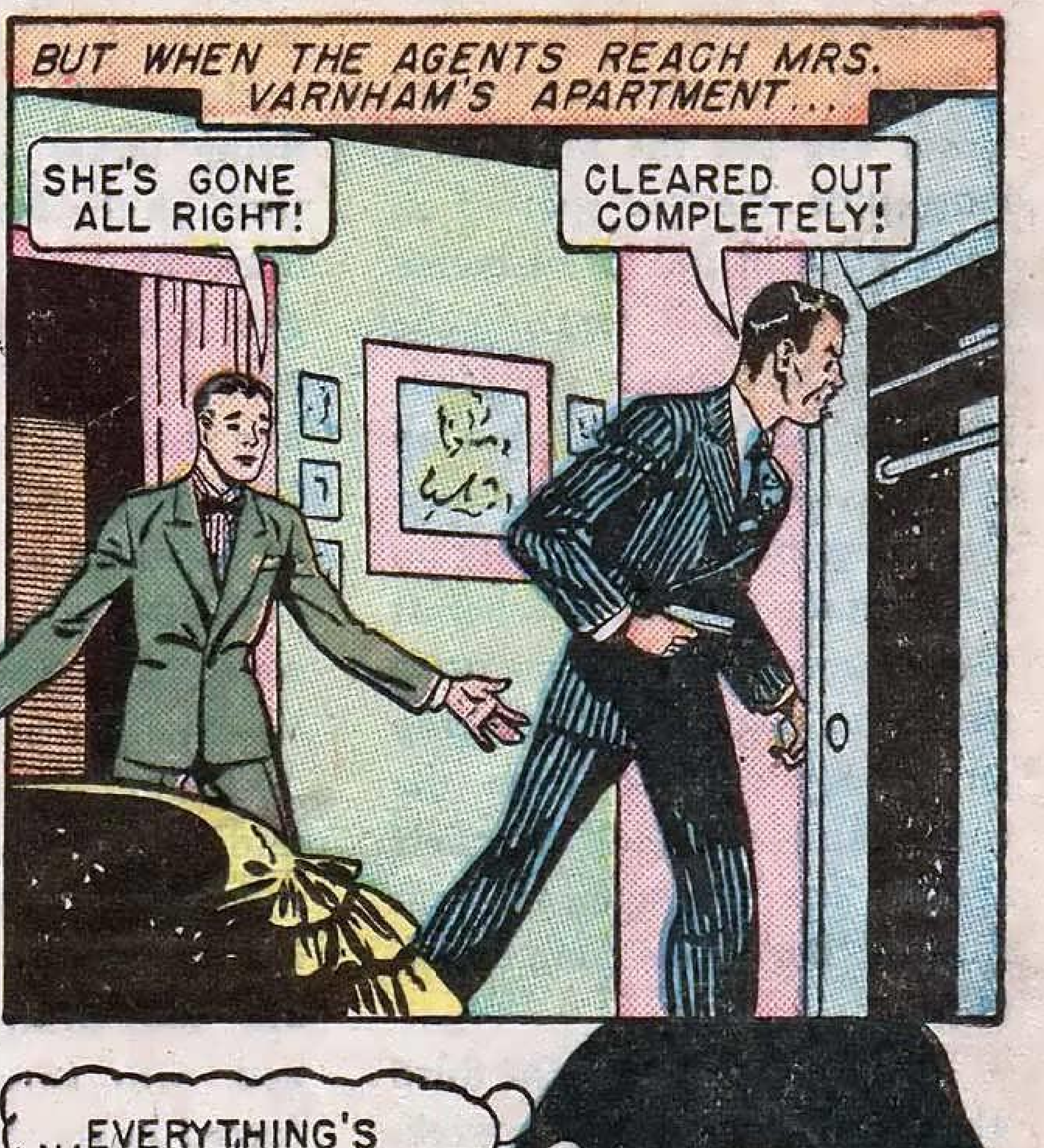
REX!
HERE TO GET THE MICROFILM FORMULA FROM VELASQUESA! YOU WILL NOT STOP ME, MISS AMERICA! BRUNWALD, CAIRO, KEEP YOUR GUNS LEVELLED AT HER!
AND NOW, WHERE'S THAT MICROFILM? ELISE DOUBLE-CROSSED ME WITH A FAKE ONE! SHE MUST HAVE SOLD THE REAL ONE TO YOU!
NO, I SWEAR ON BIBLES! WE THOUGHT **YOU** HAD IT!
WHAT!
THEY'RE SO STUNNED, THEY'RE OFF GUARD! NOW'S MY CHANCE!
FLASH—! ACTION—!
I DON'T WANT YOU TO **USE** THE AUTOMATIC YOU JUST WHIPPED OUT!
AND MEANTIME, VELASQUESA---
GOOD FORTUNE! SHE'S STANDING AT THE IDEAL SPOT! ONE TOUCH OF THIS BUTTON, AND---!

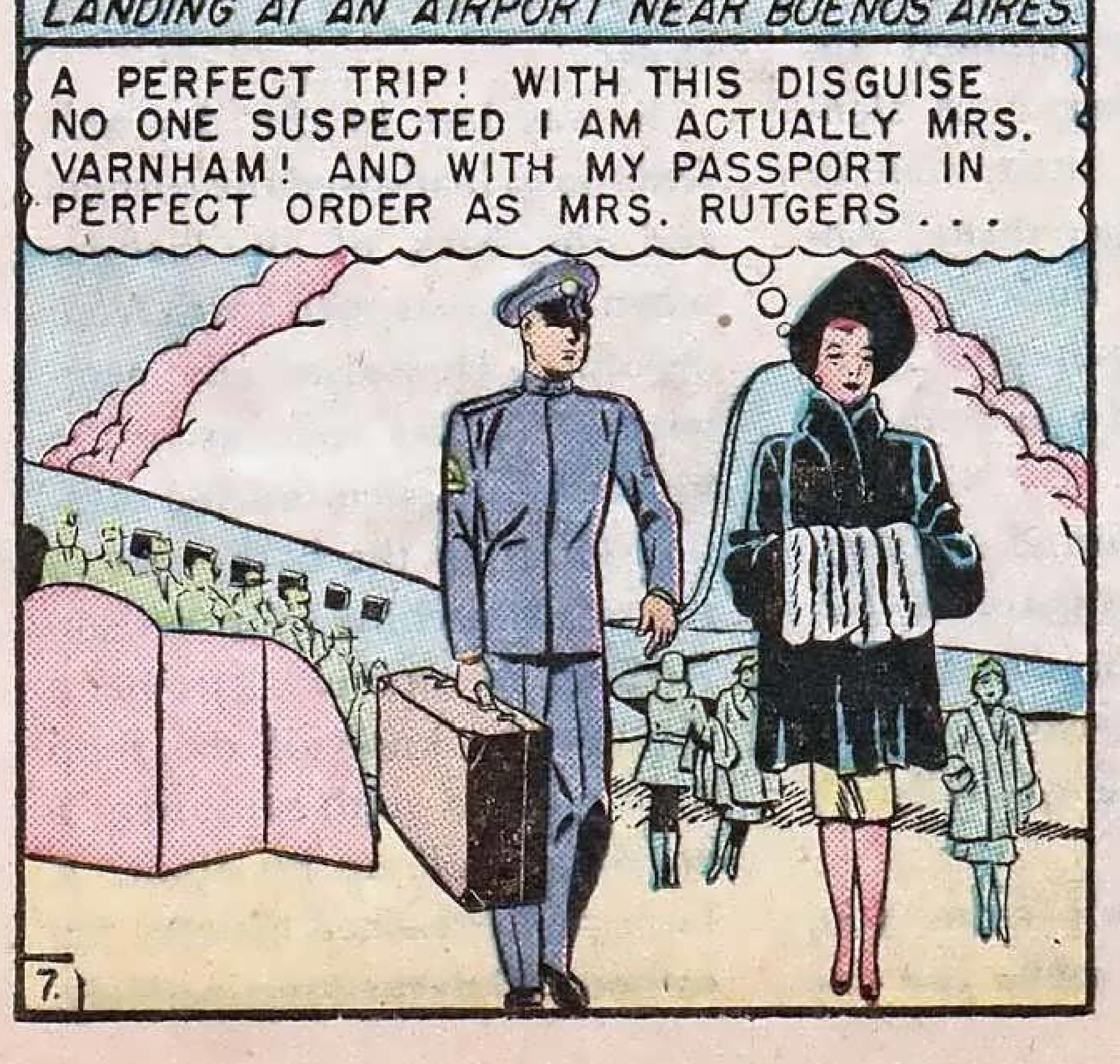
VELASQUESA'S FINGER PRESSES DOWNWARD, AND ONE SPLIT SECOND LATER...
---AS THE FAMED FIGURE LIES INSENSIBLE UNDER THE CRUSHING WEIGHT---
YOU LIKE THAT, REX? I KEEP "TRAP" OBJECTS FOR JUST SUCH EMERGENCIES!
VERY GOOD! CAIRO, YOU HAVE BROUGHT CHLOROFORM! GIVE HER A STRONG DOSE, **QUICK!**
AS FOR YOU, I MIGHT KILL YOU RIGHT NOW!
YOU GAIN NOTHING BY OUR DEATHS! RELEASE US AND WE WILL HELP YOU LOCATE THE BRACELET! YOU HAVEN'T IT; I HAVEN'T IT, BUT PERHAPS **TOGETHER**—
...MMM, PERHAPS! WHAT'S YOUR PRICE IF YOU FIND IT? I KNOW YOU ARE AN ADVENTURER--WITH A PRICE!
I WAS TO BUY IT FROM ELISE FOR $100,000--TO RESELL TO A CERTAIN INTERNATIONAL FIGURE, BUT AFTER THIS EXPERIENCE, I HAVE NO LONGER SUCH HONORABLE INTENTIONS! I'LL STEAL--UH, TAKE IT-IF I LOCATE IT, SO...
I'LL SELL IT TO **YOU** AT THE BARGAIN PRICE OF $50,000!
IF YOU LOCATE IT, AGREED! I'LL RELEASE YOU--MMM, THIS BLADE'S SHARP ENOUGH TO CUT YOUR ROPES--AND TO CUT YOUR **THROATS**--IF YOU DOUBLE-CROSS ME!
SHE'S HEAVILY CHLOROFORMED!
VERY GOOD! WE WILL TAKE HER TO OUR HEADQUARTERS AND TAKE CARE OF HER!
BY THE WAY, REX, WHERE **ARE** YOUR NEW QUARTERS?

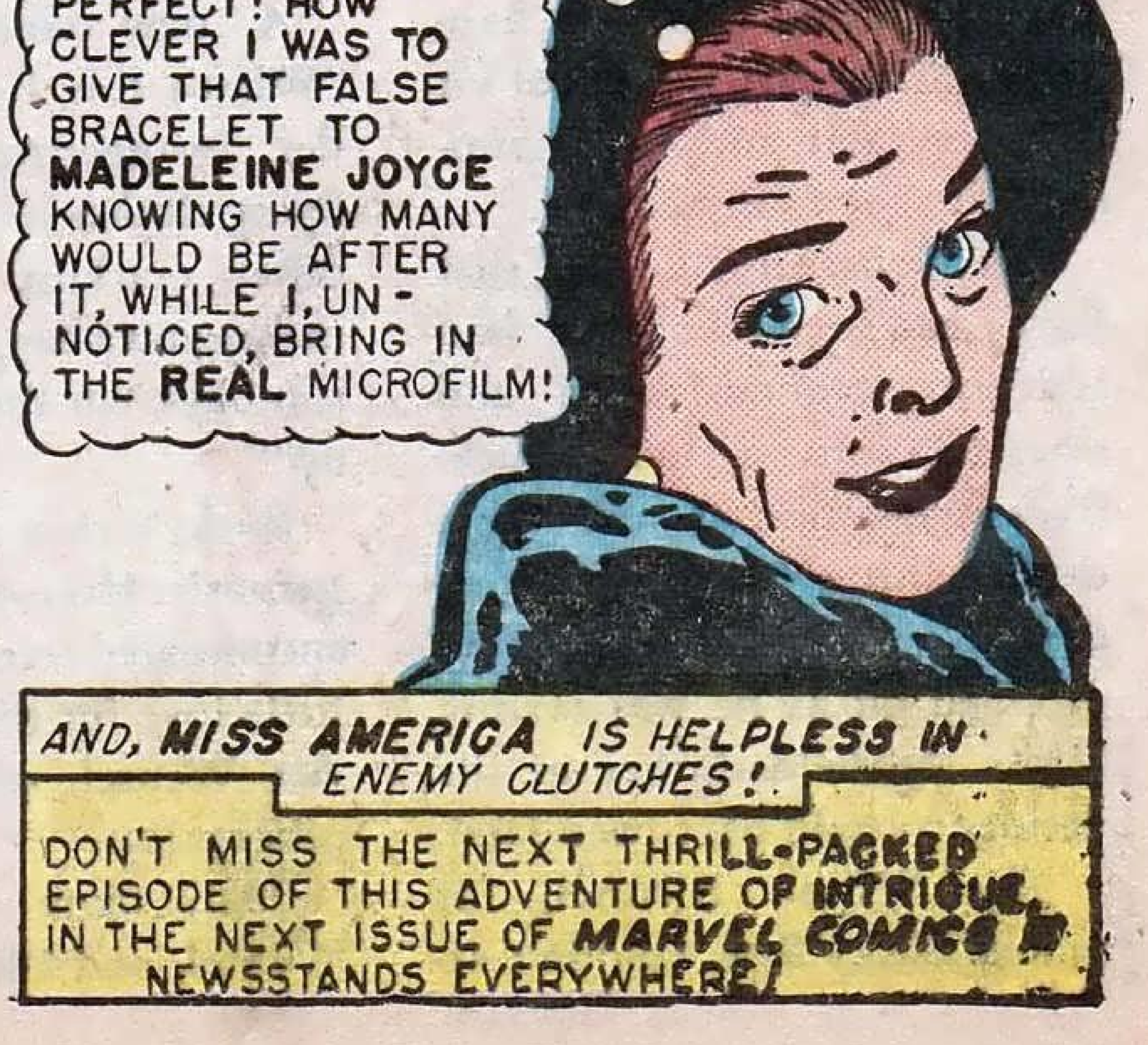

SHOULD I ACCOMPLISH OUR MISSION, I'LL HAVE TO CONTACT YOU!
I PREFER MY PRESENT QUARTERS TO REMAIN A SECRET! **I'LL** CONTACT **YOU!** AND REMEMBER OUR BARGAIN, IF YOU AND YOUR MEN VALUE YOUR LIVES!


THEY'RE GONE! WHAT DO WE DO, STICK TO THE BARGAIN?
YES, THAT REX IS A KILLER! I WONDER IF THE MICROFILM **WAS** DISPOSED OF---OR--?


CABLE
ODD.
YOU
EINE JOYCE
MEET MRS. V
SOURCE INF
LET ME HE
AND WHILE CRAFTY HEADS PONDER, LET US TURN BACK A FEW HOURS TO COUNTERSPY HEADQUARTERS, AND A CERTAIN CODE CABLE FROM MISS AMERICA, A MESSAGE DIRECTING THEM TO PICK UP MRS. VARNHAM, THAT LADY OF FALSE INNOCENCE, WHO HAD ALREADY GIVEN MADELEINE JOYCE THE MYSTERY BRACELET!


BUT WHEN THE AGENTS REACH MRS. VARNHAM'S APARTMENT...
SHE'S GONE ALL RIGHT!
CLEARED OUT COMPLETELY!


WE RETURN TO ARGENTINA AND A PLANE LANDING AT AN AIRPORT NEAR BUENOS AIRES.
A PERFECT TRIP! WITH THIS DISGUISE NO ONE SUSPECTED I AM ACTUALLY MRS. VARNHAM! AND WITH MY PASSPORT IN PERFECT ORDER AS MRS. RUTGERS...
7.


...EVERYTHING'S PERFECT! HOW CLEVER I WAS TO GIVE THAT FALSE BRACELET TO **MADELEINE JOYCE** KNOWING HOW MANY WOULD BE AFTER IT, WHILE I, UNNOTICED, BRING IN THE **REAL** MICROFILM!
AND, **MISS AMERICA** IS HELPLESS IN ENEMY CLUTCHES!
DON'T MISS THE NEXT THRILL-PACKED EPISODE OF THIS ADVENTURE OF INTRIGUE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF *MARVEL COMICS* AT NEWSSTANDS EVERYWHERE!

AIRLINE MYSTERY

BUCKY MILLIGAN was in trouble. The port engine of the sleek, twin-engined Beechcraft he was piloting coughed convulsively and died out. The steady rhythm of the propeller dropped off, and, as it lost its synchronization with the starboard prop, it picked up a flutter from the beat of the onrushing air. The whole plane began to vibrate dangerously.

Bucky cut the starboard motor and put the plane in a long glide. He had spotted an open patch in the forest below and headed for it. Grazing the tree-tops, he brought the plane into the clearing, whipped up the nose, then pancaked solidly. One wing hooked suddenly on a tree stump and the Beechcraft swung around and came to a stop with a grinding, crashing jar. Bucky crawled from the cabin and steadied himself against the fuselage. He was shaking, but it was from anger, not fear.

"That does it. That's the third plane I've cracked up in a week. These accidents aren't just happening!" He dragged a tool kit from the cabin and busied himself with the faulty engine.

A week before, a Cessna, that Bucky had been taking out, had suddenly ground-looped and smashed into a field truck. Bucky had found a control cable chafed through. Then, a few days after that, a wheel had dropped off as he was taxiing across the field. Either of the accidents could have been fatal.

The Wilson Airlines, for whom Bucky flew, couldn't afford such losses. It was a small outfit and already Bucky's two accidents had led to cancelled contracts. He was fearful of the reaction his report of the third accident would bring.

Bucky finished tinkering with the engine and stepped back, holding a short length of copper tubing in his hands. He held it up to the light, then blew into it. "Plugged!" he muttered.

He put the tubing inside his flying jacket and trudged off through the forest. Hours later Bucky Milligan entered the hangar where Meade Wilson, owner of the Wilson Airlines, had his headquarters. Wally Chalmers, Meade's assistant, was startled to see Bucky.

"Milligan! I thought you were hauling a rush order for the Kendler mines."

"I *was*, and still would be," said Bucky, "if it wasn't for this." He fished the copper tubing from his jacket and held it up. "Part of my gas-line, plugged with emery dust. I was forced down, Wally."

A new voice chimed in. "What's this I hear?" A slender, swaggering little man in flying clothes joined them. "Another crackup, Bucky? That makes you a bang-up pilot. Wilson buys 'em and you bang 'em up!"

Bucky's chin jutted out dangerously. His eyes snapped with unconcealed resentment. He had little love for the wise-cracking Art Wensel, one of Wilson's other pilots.

"Any more wit from you, Wensel, and I'll make *you* one smashup job they don't repair."

Wally Chalmers stepped quickly between the pilots. "Save it, you two! It's more important that we try to salvage the Kendler contract, though I doubt if we can."

Wensel turned sulkily on his heel. "O.K. *You* fellows save it," he tossed over his shoulder, and left the office.

Bucky said savagely, "I should've clipped him. But I'd better see the old man first."

"Wilson won't be back tonight," said Wally. "But if you want me to, I'll put that gas-line in his desk until morning."

Bucky shoved the tubing back inside his jacket. "I'll hang onto it for now. I've got an idea I want to track down."

"I'm afraid nothing will do much good now," answered Chalmers soberly. "We're sure to lose Kendler's contract, and without that the Wilson Airline will fold up."

"Maybe we *won't* lose it," said Bucky grimly. "Maybe we've still got an ace up our sleeve."

It was late in the day and semi-dusk shadowed the corners and the back of the hangar when Bucky stepped forth from the offices. He paused a moment, letting his eyes re-focus in the gloom, and then moved cautiously along the back wall to the small machine-shop Wilson Airlines maintained. His hand was on the knob of the shop door when a sixth sense sent a warming chill up his spine. A faint rustle reached his ears. He turned and ducked instinctively.

An upraised arm crashed down with startling suddenness and Bucky's consciousness dissolved into stars and darkness. He dropped heavily to the hangar floor.

It was dark when Bucky came to. His head ached fiercely. Also the piece of gas-line was gone! There was no one around the hangar and the office was locked. Bucky wanted badly to go home and forget all about the Wilson Airlines; instead he got into his car and drove out to Meade Wilson's home.

Wilson was surprised to see Bucky. "Milligan! What happened to you? You look like one of the seven furies!"

He led the way inside and sat Bucky down.

"I was slugged," said Bucky. He gave Wilson the details of his crack-up and added: "I suppose this means the cancellation of Kendler's contract too."

"No, I don't think so," replied Wilson. "Kendler is one man who really needs our service, and since I have the only air franchise available for this area he is willing to play along in spite of any accidents."

Bucky frowned down at the floor. "My crack-up today was no accident. And what you tell me about Kendler makes interesting conversation. Could I use your phone for a minute?"

"You'll find it in the hall."

Bucky returned shortly. "I called Kendler," he said. "He doesn't want to ship with you anymore. He says he's got another angle."

Wilson's reply was cut off by the sharp crack of a pistol and a shattering of window glass. A bullet smacked into the wall beside Bucky. Bucky dived for the floor. Then he was on his feet and out of the house. As he turned the corner of the building he sighted a vague figure running across the lawn. He raced after it. But the figure stopped at the hedge. Bucky came up; it was Wally Chalmers!

Wally explained: "I was just coming up the walk when I heard a shot and then a man ran away from the house. I chased him, but he got away."

Bucky grunted disconsolately and led the way back to the house. Near the walk he stopped suddenly. Someone was bent over, searching the ground. Bucky tackled him with a long, crashing dive.

"Hey!" yelped the intruder. "What's the idea?"

Bucky let the man up. It was Wensel! "All right, what are *you* doing here, character?" he growled.

"Looking for my car keys," answered Wensel. "I dropped 'em just as I came through the gate."

"Did you see a man running away from here?" questioned Wally.

"Never mind," interrupted Bucky. "I know where our man is. Come on, let's go in the house."

Inside the Wilson residence once more, Bucky faced Wensel, Chalmers and Wilson.

"Somebody," he stated, "wants to wreck the Wilson Airlines. I was slugged because that gas-line I had proved that the Beechcraft had been tampered with. Then I was shot at because I found out that Kendler was taking his business elsewhere . . . something even Mr. Wilson didn't know about!" Bucky faced Wally Chalmers. "Too bad you missed, Chalmers, because you won't get a second chance!"

Chalmers smirked. "You're off your head, Milligan. Remember Wensel was outside too when the shot came."

"Sure," agreed Bucky, "but it was *you*, not Wensel who was so sure Kendler would cancel his contract. You figured to pick up Wilson's air franchise if he went busted; that's why Kendler wouldn't play along anymore. And I'll bet my wings you've got the gun that fired at me, in your pocket right now!"

Chalmers made a quick grab under his coat. Bucky stepped close and hit him twice. Chalmers grunted and fell like a bag of sand, dropping the pistol he had clutched for. Bucky kicked it over to Wilson.

"O. K. There's the end of your accidents," he said. "Now all you've got to do is convince Kendler you're *staying* in business. Me, I'm going home and go to bed!"

SL-1318

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of Marvel Mystery Comics published monthly at Meriden, Conn., for October 1st, 1946.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martin Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Marvel Mystery Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Marvel Comics, Inc., 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.; Editor, Stan Lee, 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.; Managing Editor, Stan Lee, 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.; Business Manager, Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Marvel Comics, Inc., 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.; Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.; Jean Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) MARTIN GOODMAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of September, 1946.

(SEAL) SYLVIA FIEGEN.

(My commission expires March 30, 1947.)

YOUNG ALLIES
ODD INDEED ARE THE MEMBERS OF THE MOTHER GOOSE CLUB! AND STRANGE IS THE FATE THAT AWAITS THEM UNLESS THE **YOUNG ALLIES** CAN SOLVE THE FATAL RIDDLE OF...
"THE MOTHER GOOSE MURDERS!"
IN THE CLUBHOUSE OF THE YOUNG ALLIES...
WHERE'S TUBBY?
AW, HE'S PROBABLY WORKIN' SOMEWHERES TA MAKE SOME SPENDIN' DOUGH! YA DON'T KETCH **ME** EXOITIN' MESELF ON A HOT DAY LIKE DIS!
SL-307
1

IN CASE YOU DON'T RECOGNIZE HIM, THIS IS OUR OLD FRIEND TUBBY...
BUY YOUR ICE CREAM PIES HERE! STEP RIGHT UP!
ICE CREAM 5¢ PIES
YOU WANT ONE, SIR?
MY NAME IS SIMPLE SIMON! DO YOU KNOW WHY YOU ARE JUST THE PERSON I AM LOOKING FOR?
ICE CREAM PIES 5¢
OKAY, SO THIS IS QUIZ NIGHT! WHY AM I JUST THE PERSON YOU'RE LOOKING FOR?
"SIMPLE SIMON MET A PIEMAN, GOING TO THE FAIR..." YOU'RE A PIEMAN! IT'S ALL QUITE SIMPLE!
HEY! THAT'S A TEN DOLLAR BILL!
INDEED IT IS! I WILL PAY TEN DOLLARS FOR YOU TO APPEAR AT THE MOTHER GOOSE CLUB TONIGHT... IN YOUR UNIFORM OF COURSE! YOU'LL BE PERFECT FOR THE SKIT IN WHICH I APPEAR!
THAT NIGHT...
AND THEN DIS GUY SIMON TELLS ME HE FOUNDED THE MOTHER GOOSE CLUB, WHICH IS MADE UP OF PEOPLE WITH THE SAME NAME AS IN NURSERY RHYMES!
HMM! IT CERTAINLY SOUNDS UNUSUAL!
WE'LL VISIT THE CLUB WITH YOU TONIGHT! THE SHOW MIGHT BE INTERESTING!
YEAH, TUBBY AS AN ACTOR IS SOMETHIN' I GOTTA SEE!

THAT NIGHT WHEN THE YOUNG ALLIES APPEAR AT THE MOTHER GOOSE PARTY...
WHO'S DAT CHARACTER?
HE'S DRESSED UP LIKE A KING, AND SEATED ON A THRONE!
NOW I KNOW! HE'S KING COLE, THE MERRY OLD SOUL!
AN' DOSE ARE HIS FIDDLERS T'REE!
I WONDER WHERE TUBBY IS?
HE MUST BE BACKSTAGE GETTING READY TO PLAY THE ROLE OF THE PIEMAN!
AIEEEE
THAT WAS A SCREAM!
FLAME, TORO! WE'RE RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
LITTLE JACK HORNER IS DEAD!
WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?
HE WAS MURDERED! THIS PIE HE WAS EATING IS POISONED!
LET ME SEE THAT!

I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING! THERE'S A NOTE IN THE PIE!
LITTLE JACK HORNER SAT IN A CORNER, EATING HIS PUMPKIN PIE... AND THAT'S WHAT MADE HIM DIE!
THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON WHO COULD HAVE PUT THE NOTE IN THE PIE! IT'S THE PIEMAN!
THE PIEMAN? WHY, THAT'S...
TUBBY!
LATER...
THE PIE STAND WAS TO HAVE BEEN MOVED ONSTAGE WHEN I DID THAT ACT WITH SIMPLE SIMON! I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THE PIES WERE REAL!
THINK, TUBBY! WAS THERE ANYONE ELSE AT THE PIE STAND WHILE YOU WERE HERE?
SURE! I SAW KING COLE PICK UP ONE OF THE PIES, AND...
THEN HE'S OUR MAN! LET'S GO, TORO!
OLD KING COLE WON'T BE SUCH A MERRY OLD SOUL WHEN WE'RE THROUGH WITH HIM!

MEANWHILE, OLD KING COLE MEETS WITH SIMPLE SIMON...
I'VE BEEN WANTING TO TALK TO YOU... MY PERSONAL ACCOUNTANT CHECKED OVER THE BOOKS OF THE MOTHER GOOSE CLUB!
INDEED? DID YOU FIND ANYTHING OF INTEREST?
YOU'VE EMBEZZLED OVER FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CLUB DUES! YOU'LL EITHER RETURN THE MONEY OR I'LL TELL THE POLICE!
I DON'T THINK YOU WILL!
MOTHER GOOSE
DEAD MEN DON'T TALK!
YOU... YOU WOULDN'T KILL ME?
YOU BET HE WON'T!
UGHHH!
SO KING COLE ISN'T THE MURDERER, AFTER ALL! IT'S NONE OTHER THAN OUR FRIEND, SIMPLE SIMON!
QUICKLY RECOVERING, SIMPLE SIMON REACHES THE EMERGENCY FIRE BOX, AND...
FIRE BOX
ONE CHANCE! I'VE GOT TO DOUSE THAT FLAME BOY!

THE AUTOMATIC WATER SPRINKLERS WILL TAKE CARE OF YOUR FLAMES!
WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING?
AND THIS WILL TAKE CARE OF **YOU**!
DON'T BE IN A HURRY, KING COLE! YOU'VE JUST **ABDICATED** FOR LIFE! HA! HA!
OHHH!
SECONDS AFTER, WHEN THE OTHER YOUNG ALLIES ARRIVE...
TORO'S ALL RIGHT! HE'S JUST BEEN STUNNED BY A BLOW ON THE HEAD!
BUT OLD KING COLE IS VERY, VERY DEAD! THERE'S ANOTHER NOTE IN HIS HAND!
OLD KING COLE WAS A MERRY OLD SOUL... A MERRY OLD SOUL WAS HE... BUT NOW HE'S AS **DEAD AS DEAD CAN BE**!
WHO DID IT, TORO?
SIMPLE SIMON... HE... OHH, MY HEAD!

MOMENTS LATER...
YAHOO!
THERE GOES SIMPLE SIMON NOW! LET'S GET HIM!
MOTHER GOOSE
HE'S HIDING INSIDE THE MOTHER GOOSE BOOK!
I'LL KILL THE FIRST ONE THAT COMES IN AFTER ME! HA! HA!
GOOS
THEN...
HERE COMES TORO! HE'S ALL RIGHT AGAIN! THE KILLER'S HIDING IN THE BOOK, TORO!
I'LL MAKE IT HOT FOR HIM!
LATER, AFTER THE KILLER IS SAFELY IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE...
SIMPLE SIMON MET A PIEMAN GOING TO THE FAIR...
HERE YOU ARE, OR SHOULD I SAY, THERE YOU GO!
AS FOUNDER OF THE CLUB, SIMPLE SIMON HAD EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO EMBEZZLE FROM ITS TREASURY! BUT A FEW MEMBERS BEGAN TO SUSPECT HIM. THAT'S WHY HE KILLED THEM!
BUT HE MET HIS DOOM WHEN HE MET A PIEMAN!
The End

CAPTAIN AMERICA

WHEN THE IRON GATES OF PRISON SWING SHUT FOR ENOCH DART, BOSS OF THE UNDERWORLD, IT IS MERELY THE BEGINNING OF A NEW AND STARTLING CAREER OF CRIME THAT CHALLENGES **CAPTAIN AMERICA** AND **BUCKY** TO THE UTMOST BEFORE THEY CAN SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF...

"PRISON PLUNDER!"

CLIMAXING WEEKS OF AN INTENSIVE MAN-HUNT IS THIS FURIOUS BATTLE IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF CRIME CHIEFTAIN ENOCH DART...
I'VE BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME FOR THIS!
YOU'RE ALL THROUGH, DART! NEXT STOP IS THE FEDERAL PRISON!
SO, AS IT MUST BE TO ALL WHO DEFY THE LAW, STERN JUSTICE OVERTAKES ENOCH DART...
TIMELY NEWS
DART GETS LIFE
CAPTAIN AMERICA BRINGS CRIME KING'S CAREER TO VIOLENT END!
IN A LONELY CELL ON A PRISON ISLAND...
CAPTAIN AMERICA THINKS I'M FINISHED! WELL, HE'S **WRONG**! ENOCH DART IS NO ORDINARY CRIMINAL!
I'VE GOT PLANS- AND I KNOW HOW TO WAIT! FIRST STEP IS TO GET THE WARDEN TO TRUST ME! THEN I'LL GET MY REVENGE ON CAPTAIN AMERICA!
ONE DAY WHEN STEVE ROGERS (ALIAS CAPTAIN AMERICA) IS LECTURING A CLASS IN THE LEE SCHOOL...
OUR NEXT LECTURE ON CRIMINAL PSYCHOLOGY WILL DEAL WITH THE FEDERAL PRISON AT LA KAZ! I'M GOING THERE TO STUDY THE VARIOUS TYPES OF CRIMINAL PERSONALITIES!
WHEN CLASS IS DISMISSED...
I WANT YOU TO COME WITH ME! I'VE GOT SOMETHING REALLY SENSATIONAL FOR YOU TO SEE!
OKAY, BETSY!
2

I WONDER WHAT HAS BETSY SO EXCITED? SHE ISN'T THE EMOTIONAL TYPE!
SEARCH ME! IT **MUST** BE SOMETHING ***IMPORTANT!***
THERE! ISN'T IT SENSATIONAL?
A FUR COAT!
IT'S **NOT** AN ORDINARY FUR COAT! IT'S THE GRANDEST LOOKING MINK I'VE EVER SEEN! DON'T YOU AGREE?
WHY, ER... UH... ***SURE!***
THAT NIGHT, STEVE AND BUCKY RETURN TO THE FUR SHOP...
DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE GETTING FOND OF THAT MINK COAT TOO, STEVE! WHY'D WE COME BACK HERE?
BECAUSE IT'S BETSY ROSS'S BIRTHDAY TOMORROW! I THINK SHE WAS HINTING SHE WANTED THAT COAT AS A PRESENT!
(GULP!) THE PRICE TAG SAYS THE COAT COSTS FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!
STEVE! A TRUCK JUST PULLED INTO THAT ALLEYWAY!
I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF THE DRIVER'S FACE! HE WAS WEARING A ***MASK!***
SOUNDS LIKE WORK FOR ***CAPTAIN AMERICA!***
THAT'S THE TRUCK! IT'S EMPTY!
THEY MUST BE INSIDE!

SECONDS LATER...
CAPTAIN AMERICA!
WELL I'M GLAD TO HEAR...
...THAT WE'RE NOT ARRIVING UNANNOUNCED!
I'LL PLANT A SLUG RIGHT BETWEEN HIS SHOULDER BLADES!
I REALLY BELIEVE HE MEANS IT!
HAVE A LITTLE MINK ON ME!
HEY! WHAT HAPPENED!
I'LL EXPLAIN IN DETAIL... AFTER YOU WAKE UP!
NOW TO UNMASK THEIR LEADER! WHA...?
JUST ONE CHANCE! IF I CAN PUSH OUT THIS CRATE...
STUNNED BY SURPRISE, CAPTAIN AMERICA DOES NOT SEE THE PLUNGING CRATE UNTIL IT IS TOO LATE!
OOOOF!
IT WORKED!

FIGHTING AGAINST HEAVY ODDS, BUCKY IS STRUCK DOWN BY A TREACHEROUS BLOW...
GO TO SLEEP, JUNIOR!
PAINFUL MINUTES LATER...
OWWW! MY HEAD FEELS LIKE A BARRAGE BALLOON!
MINE TOO! I WAS TAKEN BY SURPRISE!
BUT I COULDN'T HELP BEING SURPRISED, WHEN I DISCOVERED THE LEADER OF THIS GANG OF FUR THIEVES WAS **ENOCH DART!**
IMPOSSIBLE! HE'S SERVING A LIFE SENTENCE IN LA KAZ PRISON ISLAND! YOU SENT HIM THERE YOURSELF!
HE MUST HAVE ESCAPED! ODD THAT THE NEWSPAPERS HAVEN'T CARRIED THE STORY! BUT I'LL FIND OUT THE TRUTH!
LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE POLICE COMMISSIONER...
I JUST CALLED THE WARDEN AT LA KAZ! ENOCH IS ***STILL*** THERE! IN FACT, HE'S A MODEL PRISONER!
YOU MEAN HE ***NEVER LEFT*** THE ISLAND?
I TOLD YOU IT WAS A MISTAKE, CAP! YOU JUST ***IMAGINED*** YOU SAW ENOCH DART!
MAYBE SO! BUT STEVE ROGERS IS GOING TO THE PRISON TOMORROW! AND HE'LL TAKE A SPECIAL INTEREST IN A CERTAIN CONVICT!
POLICE HEAD
NEXT DAY, A POLICE LAUNCH SPEEDS TOWARD THE DESOLATE ROCKY PRISON OF LA KAZ, CARRYING STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY...
IS IT TRUE NO ONE HAS EVER ESCAPED FROM THIS PRISON?
NOT EXACTLY!

A FEW CONVICTS GOT AWAY FROM THE ISLAND! BUT WHEN WE FOUND THEY WERE MISSING AT MORNING CHECK-UP, WE SENT OUT THE ALARM AND EVERYONE WAS CAUGHT!
THAT NIGHT...
WHY ARE WE CHANGING COSTUME, CAP? ANYTHING WRONG?
PLENTY! I'VE FINALLY FIGURED OUT DART'S SET-UP! HE'S USING LA KAZ AS A CRIMINAL HEADQUARTERS!
DART PRETENDS TO BE A MODEL PRISONER! SO THE WARDEN MADE HIM A TRUSTY, WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE PRISON GROUNDS! HE LEAVES HERE EVERY NIGHT IN THE LAUNCH!
I GET IT! HE'S BACK BEFORE MORNING CHECK-UP, SO NOBODY KNOWS HE'S BEEN GONE!
SOON...
THIS TRIP DART WILL BE CARRYING A COUPLE OF PASSENGERS!
AS DARKNESS FALLS, THE PRISON LAUNCH SPEEDS AWAY, WITH ENOCH DART AT THE WHEEL!
AND SOON...
HELLO, BOSS! WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!
I'VE GOT A BIG JOB PLANNED FOR TONIGHT, BOYS!
SORRY TO INTERRUPT! BUT I'M AFRAID THERE WILL BE A SLIGHT HITCH IN YOUR PLANS FOR TONIGHT!
CAPTAIN AMERICA!

I GUESS YOU DIDN'T LEARN YOUR LESSON LAST TIME WE MET, DART!
CLEAN-UP TIME, BUCKY!
YAHOO!
NOW YOU'RE GOING TO LEAD US TO THE PLACE WHERE YOU'VE BEEN STORING YOUR LOOT! **CHECK?**
CH-CHECK!
NEXT DAY, HEADLINES SCREAM THE FANTASTIC STORY...
DAILY BLAST 5¢
FINAL
CAPTAIN AMERICA SMASHES PRISON PLUNDER
ENOCH DART OPERATED VAST CRIMINAL RING FROM HIS CELL
AND IN THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE...
DART AND HIS PALS ARE GOING BACK TO PRISON! BUT THIS TIME WE'LL ***KEEP*** THEM THERE— IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT!
YOU'LL GET A REWARD FOR THIS PIECE OF WORK!
I DON'T WANT ANY REWARD, COMMISSIONER!
THE MERCHANTS WHOSE GOODS YOU HAVE RECOVERED HAVE GOT TOGETHER A SIZABLE SUM AND I'M AFRAID YOU'LL ***HAVE*** TO ACCEPT IT!
WELL, IN THAT CASE, I WON'T TAKE THE MONEY, BUT BZZ-BZZZZ!
AND SO IT CAME TO PASS THAT...
OH, STEVE! THIS IS A ***BEAUTIFUL*** MINK COAT! IT'S THE ***MOST WONDERFUL*** PRESENT ANY GIRL EVER HAD!
CAPTAIN AMERICA...ER... HELPED ME PICK IT OUT! SEEMS THAT HE'S A SECRET ADMIRER OF YOURS TOO!
THE END

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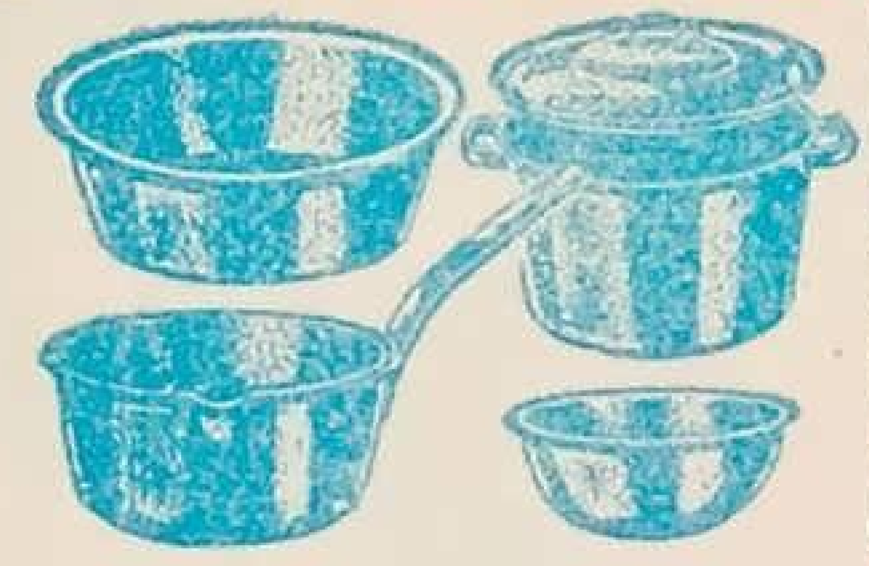
BOYS • GIRLS • MEN • WOMEN

PICK YOUR PRIZE

THESE PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOU—Just send for 40 packets of easy selling Garden Spot Seeds which you can easily and quickly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the $4.00 collected and select your Prize in accordance to our offers. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.

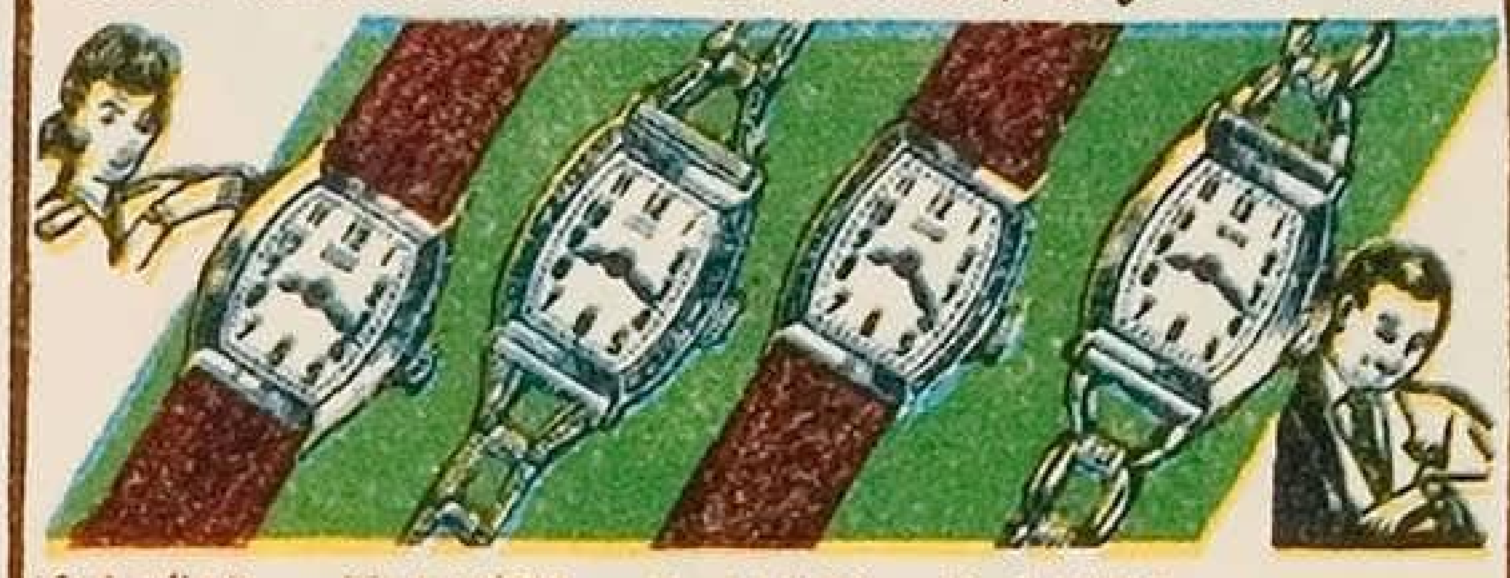
Blue Bird COOKING SET



Will make you proud of your kitchen. Entire set given for selling only 40 pkts. seeds at 10c a packet.

WRIST WATCHES ARE BACK!

Choice Models for Men and Women, Boys and Girls.



Model "A" Model "B" Model "C" Model "D"

Happy Days are here again and with them come wrist watches for men and women, boys and girls, so long unavailable at any price. With the manufacturers guarantee as always, these models are reliable and accurate and are executed by professional workmanship with excellent materials. Any of these models yours for the asking. **Given for selling one order of seeds plus $1.50, or given without extra cost for selling two orders.** State style desired.

A Real Live Canary
FOR YOU!

What a Pet! You will love it. **Canary given for selling only two orders of seeds at 10 cts. a packet.** *Sent Ex. Collect.*

One Pair Racing HOMER PIGEONS

It's fun to raise, train and handle Racing Homer Pigeons. **One pair of mated birds given for selling 2 orders of seed.** *Sent Ex. Collect.*

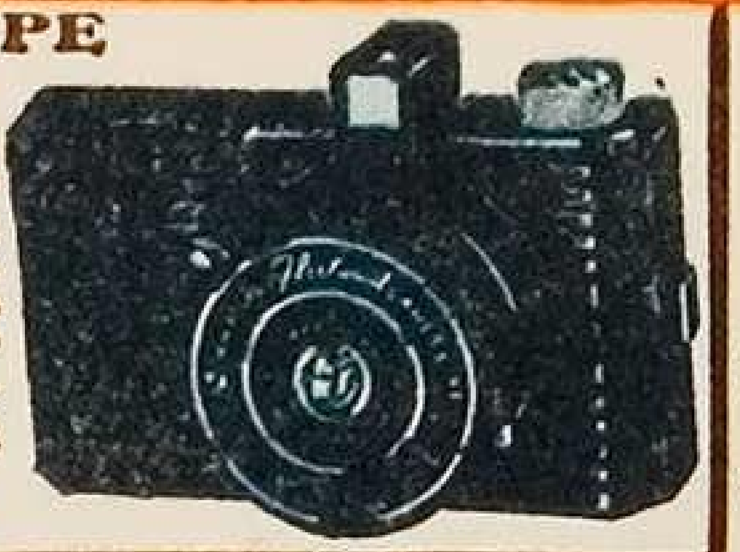
Everyone who plants a garden helps and helps greatly to solve the problem of the feeding of the many needy nations of the world.

ONE PAIR RABBITS

The raising of rabbits for the market is a fascinating business. **We offer and guarantee safe arrival One Pair of Rabbits for selling only two orders.** *Rabbits sent Ex. Collect.*

CANDID-TYPE CAMERA

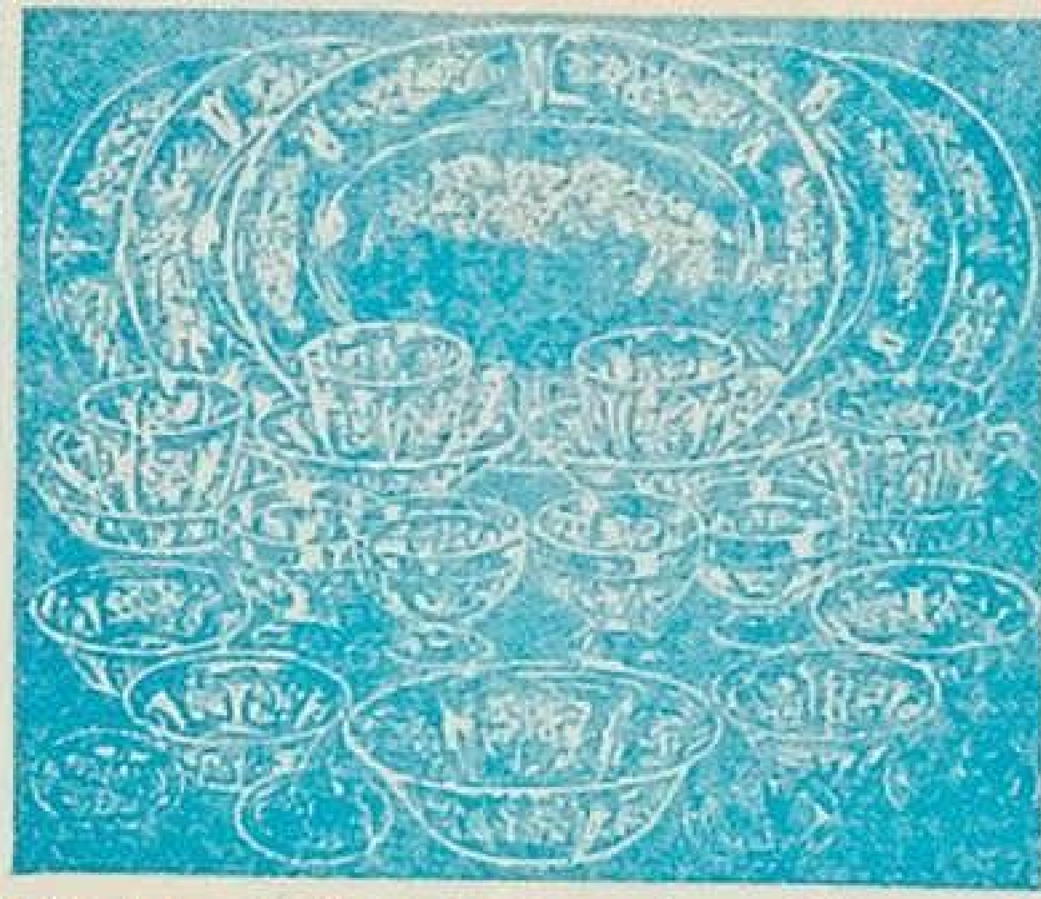
Sell only two orders of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. a packet and this splendid Camera is yours. WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY.



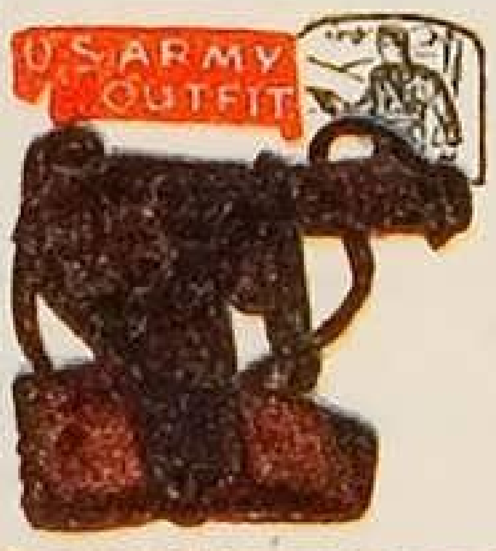
SEND NO MONEY

WE TRUST YOU.

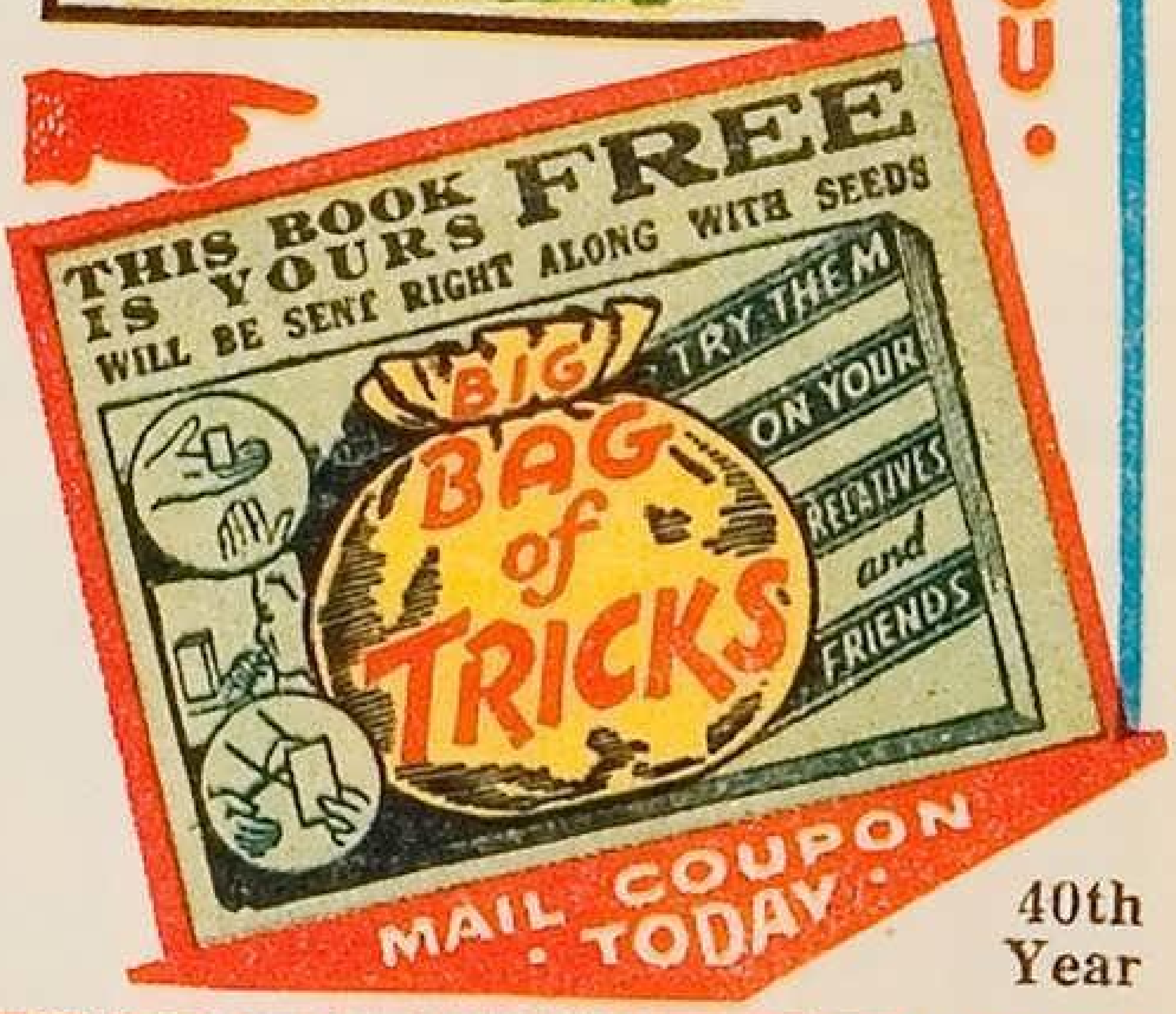
Beautiful DINNER SET



This beautiful Set Given for selling only 1 order of Seeds. *Sent Express Collect.*



Get this military-like outfit for your very own, officers belt, cap and automatic type pistol and holster. **Given for selling only one order of seeds 40 pkts at 10c a packet.** SEND IN YOUR ORDER TODAY.


THIS BOOK IS YOURS FREE
WILL BE SENT RIGHT ALONG WITH SEEDS
BIG BAG of TRICKS
TRY THEM ON YOUR RELATIVES and FRIENDS
MAIL COUPON • TODAY •

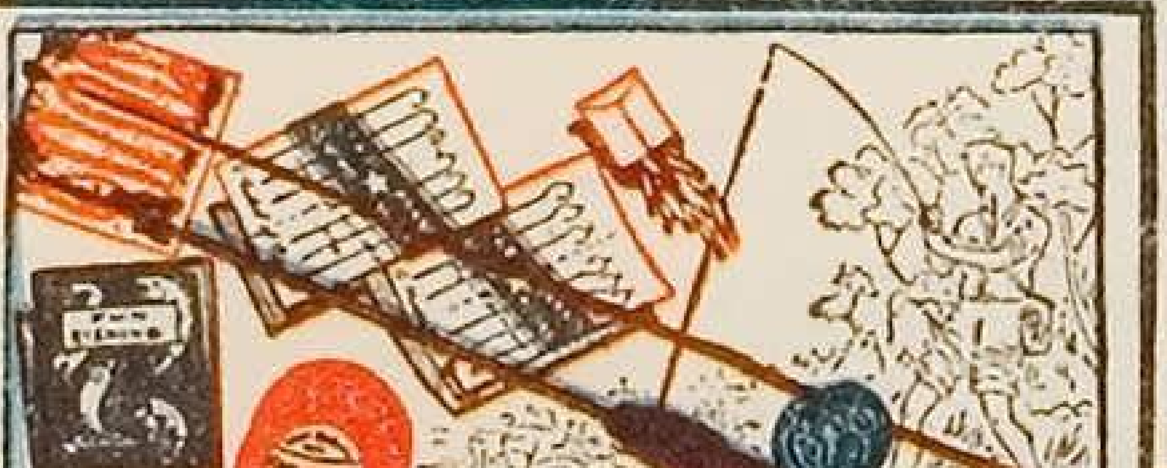
Basket Ball GIVEN

TO YOU

Latest Rubber Valve Type **Given for selling only 40 pkts. at 10 cts. each.**

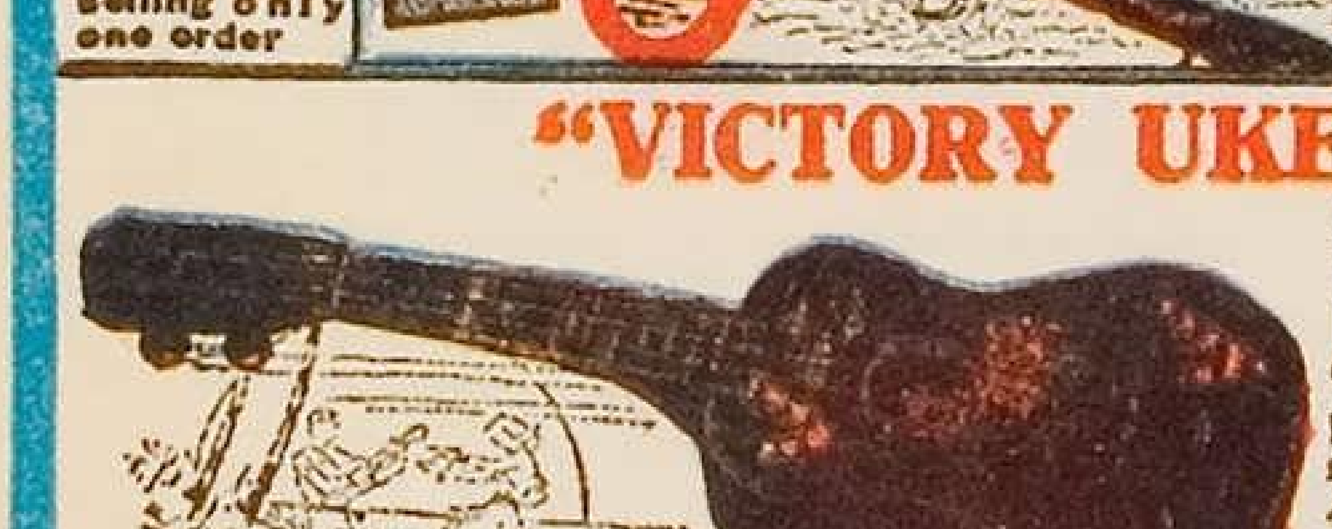
GIVEN Good Luck FISHING OUTFIT.

Steel Rod, reel, casting line, 12 snelled hooks, 12 lead sinkers cork float and stout stringer. **GIVEN for selling only one order**



40th Year

"VICTORY UKE"



Be first in your town to own this Red, White and Blue "Victory" Uke. **Given and sent postpaid for selling only one 40 pkt. order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. each.**

Plant A Victory Garden Again This Year

Lancaster County Seed Co.,
Station 453, Paradise, Pa.

Please send me 40 packets (one order) of Garden Spot Seeds to sell at 10 cts. a pkt. for a fine Gift. I will sell and pay for seeds in 30 days. **Also send right along with Seeds "Bag of Tricks" shown above.**

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Print your last name plainly below

Save 2 cents by filling in, pasting and mailing this Coupon on a 1c Post Card TODAY.